

# Scandinavia

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## FROM HOME.

The period of Frederick the Seventh, from 1848 to 1863, has been called the golden age of Denmark. The people enjoyed its liberal constitution, the only one of the many to which '48 gave birth not forcibly modified by the princes shortly after the radical movement had subsided. The most enlightened men in the country governed, with the sympathy of a majority of the people which they had led to liberty. The Danish element was supreme in Sleswick, notwithstanding the position of the diet of the duchy, where the privileged estates were mostly German, and the opposition in Holstein had so serious significance as the Danes were satisfied to let it live its own life. The Scandinavian Idea disclosed the views of a great and magnificent future for the ancient race of the north. The material development was more rapid than at any time before, and seemed solid, founded as it was on increased individual activity and thorough liberal political reforms. The change had been less sudden in Norway and Sweden. Still the development in these countries went, on the whole, in the same direction. The same period in Norway is probably characterized not so much by Stang, the prime minister, and his successful efforts for better highways and other means of communication, as by Schweigaard in his leadership of the intelligent majority of the Storting. He who so long exercised the chief influence on public life in Norway was an excellent representative for the moderate, liberal middle class. Taxation, freedom for the trades, education, means of communication, all the laws particularly concerning material progress, continued to receive attention, and were, as a whole, framed according to the highest level of the present day. The frugal and hard-working people made the most possible out of the scanty natural advantages of the country. Specially the Norwegian commercial marine grew to be one of the most prominent in the world. In Sweden the financial administration of Baron Gripenstedt was amongst the

most enlightened and successful seen in any country. Gripenstedt, half German as his sympathies were, was probably one of the Swedish statesmen who has most responsibility for the neglect of Sweden to seize its opportunity to consolidate the Scandinavian countries and thereby secure their future. But his reforms in the tariff and in other branches of finance could hardly be praised too much. Sweden, with its banks, its improved communication with England, its excellent railroads and other improvements advanced at a rate only surpassed by England and the United States. The material progress in certain formerly neglected districts, specially in Norrland, is suggestive even of the American West.

It is true that the advance of the Scandinavian north was not entirely due to the people themselves. The abolition of the English corn-laws, the entire English system of free trade, the accompanying immense progress in England, and, as mentioned, the increased communication with Great Britain contributed to a great extent to the high prices for the agricultural and other natural productions of Scandinavia. It is equally true that the present depression is due mostly to exterior circumstances, like the American competition with its products of agriculture, and the changes in the modes of communication, which decreases the earnings of the great Norwegian sailing marine, and to other similar causes.

Still when we ask for the means for surmounting the difficulties we must look mainly to the people themselves, to their capacity for keeping up in the race of the nations, for changing their modes of production according to altered circumstances, for popular education, and for continued legislative reforms.

Looking over the general statistics, the lists of exports and imports, the returns of the taxes, the reports of the savings banks, etc., we have no doubt that the general progress continues, notwithstanding "hard times" for several trades and even partial decrease in a business of such great

extent as agriculture. We note the single failures; we do not see the general increase in production and in wealth. The great individual work upon which prosperity mainly depends, undoubtedly advances in these countries as in others similarly situated.

The Scandinavian nations, not so much the Norwegians as the Danes and Swedes, are still rather apt to expect too much from the governments. They are still far from the English-American standpoint, which is in the main merely to demand protection of individual liberty from the government. And the most practical reforms seem just now not to be in much demand. We have already often come back to the importance of continued tariff reforms. Few countries are so fortunately situated as the Scandinavian concerning their financial necessities. They have not, like Bismarck and the German empire, financial reasons for protection. For them it would not only be possible to arrive to the English non-protective tariff with its few articles, but we regard it even to be within the limits of practical possibility that they could limit their taxation to such articles as liquor and tobacco, where the collection of duty could take place through excise or monopoly, without any custom houses whatever. We are glad to notice that the Swedish Riksdag so far has declared against the proposed protective grain duties. This result, however, was obtained with a plurality of only a few votes, as the lower popular chamber, with its majority of peasant farmers, declared even in favor of their imposition with a few votes majority. All three countries are so located, with such an aptitude for commerce and with such a necessity for close commercial connection with England, that commercial liberty is for them of exceptional importance. Denmark has a special reason in the decision of the German government to build the great canal from the Elbe to Kiel. A very considerable, if not the greatest, part of the navigation to the Baltic will by that channel be led from the old highway, the Sound. By full commercial freedom only may Copenhagen expect to maintain and strengthen its commercial prominence. Such means would be so much more available, as Bismarck is now depriving Hamburg and Lübeck of their former unique positions as free ports. Even Sweden would in relation to Russia be highly benefited by a most liberal commercial policy. If the project of a connection through a canal with Archangel and the White Sea should be carried out the possibilities for commercial development would be

still more apparent. With all the necessity of commerce free trade is, however, still more needed for the sake of concentrating the forces of the nations to those productions in which they have a natural superiority, and by all means facilitating the development of these.

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We recognize, also, the necessity of continued democratizing and Americanizing of the Scandinavian nations. It is, as often said, not with unmitigated pleasure we look on the new democracies of Scandinavia. We doubt their aptitude for developing the foreign and international relations. The strongest democracy of the three, that of Norway, has never shown any sympathy for the strengthening of the union. This was evidently above their horizon. The people had the heartiest sympathy with the Danes in their struggle for Sleswick, but even there their politicians could not decide to vote for that active assistance which would have made a full Scandinavian union possible. The Norwegians continue to follow with solicitude all movements in Denmark. Recently, at a great banquet in Christiania, one of the Norwegian ministers, Mr. Sörenssen, took occasion to express the warm feelings of the Norwegian people toward the Danish democracy in their present struggle. But yet for the future we do not look with great confidence to the Norwegian democracy where there is question of the great desideratum—the Scandinavian union. Just now one of the few matters in which there is a real union between Sweden and Norway, that of community in foreign affairs, causes difficulties between the two governments. They agree in the proposed arrangement that for the future three ministers of each nation shall take part in the foreign affairs. But the cabinet of Mr. Sverdrup objects to the propriety of the arrangement by which the Swedish minister of foreign affairs represents both countries; they declare this to be against the equal rights of the two nations. Now, the prevalent order is just this, that the Swedish minister of foreign affairs actually conducts the diplomacy for both countries. Sweden has thus a privilege, we think natural, and to the practical advantage of both countries, but it is at all events the recognized present arrangement. The Norwegians even speak of discontinuing the community between the two countries in the consular service, and to have separate Norwegian consuls. It is not necessary to explain that the true interests of the nations, here as in other similar relations, demand community

not only in foreign affairs, but also in military matters, and in certain of the financial departments as in that of tariff and of the post, if not also in railways. The jealousy of the Norwegian Democrats is, however, such that all extension of the union, at least at present, is a simple impossibility.

Besides in foreign affairs and in the relations between the nations themselves there are other directions of development in which we do not trust much to the new democracies. There is, however, one line in which we have several times had occasion to express our full sympathy with the new democratic tendencies in Scandinavia. We refer to the military expenses. The necessity for the great powers to keep up large military establishments does not exist for the small states. The real good of the large armaments is in them evidently out of proportion to the cost. Norway and Sweden are fairly under way to the American system, in this respect so different from the system common in continental Europe. In Denmark the governing bureaucracy is so enamored with the military expenses that even now, in the heat of the strife, it continually declares that the cabinet will go if its opponents will concede the demanded armament of the country. It is not likely that the people will yield on this point.

The greatest demands for interference by the government are everywhere made by the Socialists. Socialism is a natural outcome of governmental transgressions. It is at present strongest in Germany with its repressive system, notwithstanding the laws against it, as Nihilism is a natural complement to despotism in Russia. In the same manner in Scandinavia, Denmark is the only country in which Socialism plays any rôle. The workingmen in Sweden and their friends make radical demands, but they are no more Socialists than the English and American workingmen. The same is the case in Norway. In Denmark, on the contrary, German Socialism has found a home amidst the good-natured and intelligent Copenhagen workingmen. At an early stage the government made a great mistake by having the leaders put in prison instead of having them elected to the parliament. Their imprisonment naturally strengthened their influence. The police later had their leaders shipped off to the United States; but the movement continued. The chief characteristic of Socialism is that it does not know what it wants. The English and American workingmen have practical purposes. Socialism is negative and just for that

reason more pernicious. Now nothing is more healthy for such movements than the necessity for them to formulate what they want done. In Denmark the character of the opposition to the government is such that it allows the Socialists to continue their undefined agitating doctrines. The general opposition is naturally friendly to them as to useful allies, notwithstanding the absolute divergence between their ideas and the sympathies of the well-to-do yeoman class who form the backbone of the popular opposition. Some of the best men who recently have entered into Danish politics seem to carry their friendliness so far that they are characterized as half Socialists themselves. All this would be different under a parliamentary government. Then practical life and necessity of action would give the opposition a different color. The parliamentary system has its dangers, but just the defects of the opposition make it still more necessary to open to them the road to power and to the accompanying practical teachings of political life.

N. C. FREDERIKSEN.

#### *THE POLITICS OF THE SCANDINAVIANS IN THE UNITED STATES.*

For years the Scandinavians in the United States politically presented a solid front, almost to a man voting the Republican ticket. The Danes alone divided on political issues, the small Scandinavian element of the Democratic party in the large cities being principally composed of them.

The only Norwegian Democrats to be found were old settlers, arrived before the great party division took place. Their number, however, was small, and mainly confined to the state of Wisconsin. Their sons, and those later arrivals to whose many sturdy qualities Minnesota and Dakota owe a great part of their present prosperity, have uniformly affiliated with the Republicans. As to the Swedes, they seem, if possible, to be even more strongly attached to the Republican party. In the Northwest, but very few Democrats are of that nationality, the rank and file being unwavering Republicans.

Aside from the very few who joined the abolitionists the early Norwegian immigrants generally acted with the old Democratic party. As the questions which were finally settled by the civil war approached an issue, and the old party lines disappeared, the Norwegian-American citizens became some of the first recruits of the Republican party. Their devotion, with that of the other Scandinavians, to the cause of the Union and the aboli-



tion of slavery are matters of history. The Scandinavian citizens entered willingly into the contest and served their adopted country with a zeal and fidelity second to none. Living in states almost exclusively Republican, and having acted with that party ever since its organization, the Scandinavians, also after the war, continued their allegiance to it.

A clear understanding of the difference in the constitutional views of the two parties cannot be supposed to have influenced them in their choice. They simply shared the popular Northern and Western belief in the Republican party as the only champion of human liberty and preserver of the Union. The Democratic party, on the other hand, appeared to them as the would-be destroyer of our political system, and upholder of slavery. It would have been impossible for them, on such premises, to arrive at any different conclusion.

This matter having been settled, the native conservatism of the Scandinavian peoples made out of the question any rapid change. Fidelity to the Republican party became something very akin to religious duty, any man who professed a different political faith being looked upon almost as a backslider from the true, established religion. This, of course, applies to the exclusive Scandinavian settlements only, the better chances for instruction which the cities offered and the changeable nature of their populations preventing petrification of any set of political opinions.

The large Scandinavian immigration which followed immediately after the war effected no change in the political complexion of the Scandinavians in this country. The Republican party had an established standing in the eyes of the very greenest arrival from Sweden or Norway, which nothing could deprive it of. Its very name appealed to a political sentiment that, in many cases, had had some little to do with their immigration. And above all their friends and relatives, to whose views they naturally looked for guidance, were all earnest and successful partisans of the Republican party.

Massed in large settlements, where Scandinavian thought and language rule to the exclusion of everything else, a change of politics could but be very slow among the Scandinavians. It required so much longer time as their press without almost any exception was strongly Republican. As the years passed by, however, more liberal views began to be ventilated in their papers, but it went despairingly slow, the best proof of which is that at this writing but one of the large Scandinavian week-

lies is Democratic. Still the political vein of the others is far different from what it used to be. Some profess independence, and have, in times of danger, also acted up to their professions. Others, while radical Republicans, slyly cater to the growing independent sentiment among their constituents. On the whole, therefore, there are signs of improvement on all sides.

Curiously enough, it is among the Norwegian-Americans alone that this movement for greater freedom of political thought and action has thus far made its appearance. The Swedes are to all appearances wholly untouched by it. The coming State elections may, however, in States like Minnesota, for instance, show differently. In that State the Swedes are clamorous for recognition from the Republican party. They have for years, mainly by their own fault, suffered the loaves and fishes to go undivided to the Norwegian Republicans. Of this they are now heartily tired, and insist on a division of the spoils. Should their demands in this respect be disregarded, or but gingerly satisfied, the party ranks will, in all likelihood, be broken, or at least seeds of dissatisfaction sown which at some future time cannot help bearing fruit.

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#### *SOME REMARKS ON THE PRESENT RELATIONS BETWEEN LABOR AND CAPITAL.*

The riot year of 1877 inaugurated a most determined struggle between capital and labor. Up to that time the public generally fancied any serious disturbance in those strata of society from which the wage-workers came as well-nigh impossible. Our form of government was thought to guard against the formation of classes. The spirit of our institutions certainly discountenanced all steps in that direction. The people itself, enjoying political liberty, reveling in the freedom of press and speech, unaccustomed to deal with any social question but slavery, and that having been finally settled, was unaware of the fact that the industrial system was at fault and called for serious attention.

It is not surprising that such should be the case. The change in the conditions of the laborer had come on so gradually as to defy detection except by very close observers. Then, again, the prosperity artificially created by the protectionist policy of the republican party had concealed the true state of affairs.

The prevailing impression conceded to American labor a much higher standard and a much healthier condition than it actually did possess.



Wages were higher than in Europe; the wage-workers in possession of more average intelligence perhaps, than their European brethren, but the great industrial undertakings started in this country, the railroad enterprises, the operation of immense mines, had almost imperceptibly introduced the same defects in the system with that of Europe. Labor had ceased to be elevating. The laborer in the coal mines, in the iron works, in the rolling mills, in the cotton factories, had become a piece of machinery, which, when worn out or damaged, could be replaced by another, eager to take his place. Besides, extensive immigration had filled the labor market. The former dearth of hands existed no longer. The supply came fully up to, if it did not exceed, the demand.

While the public generally had overlooked the gradual development toward such a state of things the wage-workers themselves were alive to the situation and realized the necessity for a change. But they lacked thorough organization, and also experience. Had these two essentials not been wanting the labor movement which culminated in the riots of 1877 would have been quite different. As it did turn out the American people suddenly woke up to realization of the fact that labor had become a power in the land. The laboring classes, on their part, demonstrated their destructive forces. They became conscious of their own strength, but also learned the uselessness of destruction as an industrial agency. To them the lesson was of the greatest importance.

The years that have passed since afford most conclusive evidence that they have profited by it. Not only have they effected local organizations controlling local labor interests, but labor everywhere in the country is organized as it never was before. The effects of such organization are apparent.

The disjointed efforts of former days for the amelioration in the conditions of labor have been replaced by systematic movements on a large scale. A strike to be successful must touch to the quick those against whom it is directed. A further requirement for its success is the impossibility for the employer of substituting cheaper labor. The organization into one vast body of all the wage-workers of the country has been the means of regulating the labor market so as to meet this latter requirement; the season chosen for the extensive strikes lately inaugurated prove that labor is keenly alive to the necessity of the former also. In times of great industrial disturbances it is impossible to entirely prevent the occurrence of acts of violence.

It is a remarkable evidence, however, of the high standard organized labor now has reached that the public peace has been maintained so well as during the late strikes. In no respect, perhaps, is the improvement which has taken place within the ranks of labor since 1877 as striking as in this.

Turning from labor to capital, from employees to employers, it is doubtful, indeed, if a corresponding progress has been made. Capital is no less exacting, not a whit less relentless in its efforts to stamp out opposition to its every demand. Moderation in the use of the great power which wealth and established rights have placed in its hands is but seldom thought of. Where physical force can be safely applied it is so used. Whenever a chance offers to deal a blow at organized labor the opportunity is improved upon. The machinery view of humanity still prevails too extensively. The demands of labor for a share in its own productions are met with scorn, and treated as encroachments upon the rights of capital. On the whole there is no denying the fact that the employing part in our industrial system, whether it be individuals or corporations, manifest proportionately less wisdom and moderation in its dealings with the employed than does labor itself. Possessed of an immense power, and having wielded it almost without restraint, capital is naturally loath to resign even the least of it to those that heretofore have been mere tools in its hands. It is impossible to escape the conviction, however, that the time is come for concessions to be made. They should be granted in a fair spirit of sympathy and justice, for they are rights which have been withheld by virtue of superior power. If sullenly or haughtily insisting upon a continuance of the present relations between labor and capital the latter will be forced to terms. Labor may lose its grip for a time, but a public opinion of steadily growing strength is already enlisted on its side, and will enforce its reasonable demands.

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DURING Mr. Henry E. Abbey's recent visit to Minneapolis as Mary Anderson's manager, preliminary steps were taken to bring a select chorus of Swedish Upsala students over to this country on an extended concert tour. Mr. D. Blakeley, of Minneapolis, prominently known in musical circles in the Northwest, and who, with Mr. Abbey, will manage the enterprise, expects to go to Sweden next fall to make the necessary arrangements. This intelligence, we feel sure, will be hailed by our readers with general delight.

## MILTON.

A PARIS STUDY.

BY A "MEMBER-COLONIST."

It has been an established custom from time immemorial for authors to enter the world of letters on their knees, and, with head uncovered, wait unquietly and with never ceasing restlessness the consequences to come from their productions. It is therefore natural in writing an essay on such a grave and illustrious subject as Milton that uneasiness should be felt.

An essay on Milton must nowadays be of no common merit, and the biographer no ordinary man. "First," as M. Allibone observes, "he should be intimately acquainted with the history of the Commonwealth and the Restoration, yet no partisan; secondly, deep-versed in the literature of ancient Greece and Rome, of modern Europe, and particularly England, yet no pedant; a devout and fervid believer in the great truths of Christianity, yet no bigot." Thus qualified by education and talents, by a happy adjustment of heart and brain, by a due proportion—hard to hit—of moral and mental power, he still might fail to "reach the height of his great argument" without an humble conviction of human infirmity, and a consequent reliance on that "Eternal Spirit who alone can enrich with all utterance and knowledge, and with the hallowed fire of his altar to touch and purify the lips of whom he pleases."

Professor Masson, in his copious but monumental "Life of Milton and History of His Time," has divided Milton's life into three periods, corresponding with those of the contemporary social movement.

"Commencing in 1608, the life of our poet," he says, "proceeds through the last sixteen years of the reign of James I, includes the whole of the reign of Charles I and the subsequent years of the Commonwealth and the famous protectorate, and then, passing the Restoration, extends itself to 1674, or through fourteen years of the new state of things under Charles II." The first period extending from 1608 to 1640—the period of Milton's education and his minor poems; the second extending from 1640 to 1660—the period of the civil wars; the third extending from 1660 to 1674, which was the grand period of his crowning life-work—the publication, namely, of "Paradise Lost."

Milton's father having been bred a scholar,

and an excellent musician, was compelled to embrace the profession of a "scrivener." "And why he took a trade," says Aubrey, "was in consequence of being disinherited for his turning over to Protestantism." After the dissolution of the religious houses in England under Henry VIII the business of a scrivener became a lay profession and the word itself signified a mere copyist. Nevertheless the business of a scrivener was a lucrative one at that time, and Milton's father was counted as a "substantial citizen." The care and manifold expenses with which John Milton, the son, was educated proves this, and also shows the discernment of his father.

I wish to lay stress upon these facts because many of Milton's biographers speak of his life as being solely a "record of sorrow and suffering," which is not the case. Neither is M. Batten's statement historic that Milton must be reckoned to those "of whom least has been told us," and that "what we know is only sufficient to make us regret that we know no more."

I think the truth is quite the opposite. Let any one take the trouble to visit the British Museum or Bibliothèque Nationale, and convince himself of what an endless literature there is on Milton. So I do not agree with M. Batten on that point. (I owe it in justice to say that M. Batten really quotes this from M. Gilfillan, the American John Morley.)

Milton shared the advantages of both private and public education. From the tuition of Thomas Young he was removed to St. Paul's School, and here commenced that passion for letters and this literary devotion that cost Milton his eyesight later on.

He had a sister and one brother, the latter, who, more resembling his grandfather than his father or brother, was "of a very superstitious nature," says M. Toland, "and a man of no part or ability." After the close of the civil wars of that time, though he was "entirely devoted to the royal cause," no notice was taken of him till King James, wanting a set of judges that would declare his will to be superior to the English legal constitution, created him the same day a sergeant and one of the barons of the exchequer, "knighting him, of course, and making him next one of the judges of the common pleas." "But," says Toland, whom we quote, "he quickly had his *quietus est* (acquittance), as his master not long after was deposed for his maladministration by the people of England represented in a convention at Westminster."

But to return to the person who is the subject of this essay: John Milton was destined to be a scholar, and such was his insatiable thirst for learning that, although a mere child, he seldom went to bed before midnight, "and," says Toland, whom we again quote, "this was the first undoing of his eyes."

At fifteen he was sent to Christ's College, in Cambridge, to pursue more arduous and solid studies. Dr. Birch, another of Milton's biographers, asserts that Milton was really in his seventeenth year when entering Christ's College, "as is evident from the register of that college, into which he was admitted 'pensionarius minor,' February 12, 1625," and he was born, as we have before stated, in 1608. Milton continued in Cambridge seven years, where he lived "with great reputation and generally beloved," till, taking the degree of Master of Arts, he left the university and for the five succeeding years lived with his father "in retirement," and where his leisure time was spent in "perusing all the Greek and Latin writers of note."

On the death of his mother in 1637 he prevailed upon his father to permit him to visit the continent. As a matter of novelty I wish to relate a circumstance *très romanesque*, and which has been supposed to have formed the very first impulse to his Italian journey.

I submit the particulars from Henry I. Todd's "Poetical Works of John Milton," London, 1809, Vol. I:

"It is well known that, in the bloom of youth, and when he pursued his studies at Cambridge, this poet was extremely beautiful. Wandering one day during the summer far beyond the precincts of the university, into the country, he became so heated and fatigued that, reclining himself at the foot of a tree to rest, he shortly fell asleep. Before he awoke two ladies, who were foreigners, passed by in a carriage. Agreeably astonished at the loveliness of his appearance they alighted, and having admired him (as they thought) unperceived, for some time, the youngest, who was very handsome, drew a pencil from her pocket, and having written some lines upon a piece of paper, put it with her trembling hand into his own. Immediately afterward they proceeded on their journey. Some of his acquaintances, who were in search of him, had observed this silent adventure, but at too great a distance to discover that the highly-favored party in it was our illustrious bard. Approaching nearer they saw their friend, to whom, being awakened, they mentioned what had happened.

"Milton opened the paper and with surprise read these verses from Guarini (1537-1612) celebrated in Italian literature as the author of 'Pastor Fido,' the faithful swain:

"Occhi, stelle mortali,  
Ministre de miei mali,—

Se chiusi m'uccidete,  
Aperti che farete?"

—(Madrigal XII, ed. 1598).

"Ye eyes! Ye human stars! Ye authors of my liveliest pangs! If thus, when shut, ye wound me, what must have proved the consequence had ye been open?"

"Eager from this moment to find out the fair 'incognita' Milton traveled, but in vain, through every part of Italy. His poetic fervor became incessantly more and more heated by the idea which he had formed of his unknown admirer, and it is, in some degree, to her that his own times, the present times, and the latest posterity must feel themselves indebted for several of the most impassioned and charming compositions of 'the Paradise Lost.'"

"Though," as M. Todd rightly remarks, "credence will hardly be granted to the anecdote respecting Milton and this event, obligation is nevertheless due to him who published it, inasmuch as the publication occasioned it to be clothed in the following elegant dress:

In sultry noon, when youthful Milton lay  
Supinely stretched beneath the poplar shade,  
Lur'd by his form, a fair Italian maid  
Steals from her loitering chariot to survey  
The slumbering charms, that all her soul betray.  
Then, as coy fears th' admiring gaze upbraid,  
Starts, and these lines with hurried pen portray'd,  
Slides in his half-clos'd hand, and speeds away.

'Ye eyes, ye human stars! if thus conceal'd  
By sleep's soft veil, ye agitate my heart,  
Ah! what had been its conflict if reveal'd  
Your rays had shown?'

Bright nymph, thy strains impart  
Hopes that impel the graceful bard to rove,  
Seeking through Tuscan vales his visionary love.  
He found her not, yet much the poet found  
To swell imagination's golden store."

[See Miss Anna Seward's Original Sonnets, London, 1799. 1 Vol. in 4to.]

In August, 1639, Milton returned from his foreign tour, having been absent in all fifteen or sixteen months. The writer of article Milton, in M. Myer's "Konversations-Lexikon," Leipsic, 1877, Vol. XI, states that Milton "stayed several years" in Italy. Speaking of Milton's acquaintance with Hugo Grotius, when at Paris, he goes on to tell us that "*dann hielt er sich mehrere Jahre in Italien auf.*" But this is not true. M. Masson, who has investigated the subject we write on better and more laboriously than any other biographer of Milton, states that Milton was "absent in all fifteen or sixteen months."

We have said before that the educational period of Milton's life extends so far as to include this foreign travel, but did Milton not write anything during this period? Was there no reputation of Milton on the continent before he came there himself in person? Yes, undoubtedly. His fa-



mous Latin "Familiar Epistles," he wrote at Cambridge before he was twenty-two years of age, and in which he addresses his father in the Latin tongue, proves them both advanced scholars. All the so-called "Minor Poems" of Milton belong to the first period, as also his Christmas ode, "On the Morning of Christ's Nativity" (1629) and his Latin poem, "Ad Patrem." Companion pieces to these poems were "L'Allegro" ("The Gay, or Cheerful") and "Il Penseroso" ("The Thoughtful"), the first a charming pastoral poem, the latter a poem to celebrate the philosophers, with a mixture of stoicism in it. The largest and most important of all Milton's minor poems is the simple but beautiful drama presented at Ludlow Castle in 1634, and by Henry Lawes baptised with the name of "Comus." Milton simply called it "A Masque Presented at Ludlow Castle, 1634, before the Earl of Bridgewater, Lord President of Wales." Of the history of this elegant poem little more is known than it was written for the entertainment of the noble earl mentioned in the title page, and that it was represented as a masque by his children and others, but the fact is that it is founded on a real story. "For," says M. Hawkins, in his "History of Music," London, 1776 and 1874, Vol. 4, pp. 51, 52, "the Earl of Bridgewater, being President of Wales in the year 1634, had his residence at Ludlow Castle in Shropshire. Lord Braclay and Mr. Egerton, his sons, and Lady Alice Egerton, his daughter, passing through a place called the Hay Wood forest, or Haywood, in Herefordshire, were benighted, and the lady for some short time was lost. This accident being related to their father upon their arrival at his castle furnished a subject which Milton wrought into one of the finest poems of the kind in any language; and, being a drama, it was represented on Michaelmas night, 1634, at Ludlow Castle, for the entertainment of the family and the neighboring nobility and gentry. Lawes (the court musician) performs in it himself the character of the attendant spirit, who, toward the middle of the drama, appears to the brothers habited like a shepherd, and is by them called Thirsis." Mr. Hawkins further informs us that Lawes' music to "Comus" was never printed, and has therefore gone to oblivion. This Henry Lawes, who requested Milton to write the poetry to "Comus," is famous in English history of music for having first introduced the Italian style of music into Great Britain. He was a lifelong friend to Milton, "and, says M. Masson, "the existence of this poem is certainly due to Milton's intimacy with Lawes." [Encyclopaedia Britannica 9th edition, Art. Milton.]

We have at length arrived at Milton's political career. "His poetic dreamings and schemings were to have a long interruption"; he was to enter another calling.

The second period of Milton's life—the period of both private and public controversy—commences. It is true that the character of Milton has been scrutinized "with all the minuteness of investigation" that opposite passions ever could suggest. The aim of our present essay is nevertheless to calmly exhibit a full and just idea of Milton in all his various stations of life. Our essay aims at being purely biographical.

The character of a great man at such an all-important epoch in the progress of England is always of great value, not only to the English themselves, but to the human race at large. During the "grand rebellion" Milton was the central figure round which the political, social and religious literature of England then moved. He was a public man—if any one can be styled such—and, without his presence and influence, the records of England might to-day have been essentially modified. Let us therefore patiently follow him. It is worth the time.

It has been said by a great Italian patriot (Mazzini) that all—each and every one of us—have "duties, paramount duties," to fulfill, and as such are material instruments, "neither good nor bad, but instruments of good or evil, according to the individual or collective end to which we direct ourselves," and, applying this maxim to John Milton, I think he will stand fairly well the severe ordeal of modern historical criticism.

Already, while Milton was abroad, had arisen that mighty desire for "civil reform" which was to change the face of all England. The question that was destined to bring Milton to the front and rouse his whole soul to activity was the church question. Religion was yet the powerful bond of union among English people, and consequently religious sympathies and antipathies were the great motive powers that governed the different parties. On the church question there were no less than three parties, according to M. Masson. First, the high-church party, pleading zealously for episcopacy by divine right; second, the so-called middle party, defending English episcopacy on grounds of "usage and expediency"; third, the famous root-and-branch party, as it called itself, desiring the entire abolition of episcopacy. A man was wanted that could give the subject a right solution, and none but a strong controversialist could or would dare to undertake the work.

Yes; "such a man was wanted, and such a man was born." But the man must be no ordinary one. He must be a graduate of the high school of Puritan tendencies, in order not to be shipwrecked by bold and subtle words which malignant opponents might utter in his hearing. Milton was the man. He came forward; duty, as he said, left him no option; he came forward, but independently.

The most important of all Milton's pamphlets on the church question is his pamphlet entitled "The Reason of Church Government" (1642). "It is there," says M. Masson, "that Milton takes his readers into his confidence." A year before he had written on the subject of "Prelatical Episcopacy, and Whether It May Be Deduced from the Apostolic Times." It was directed chiefly against the middle party. Fierce in the struggle against the usage-and-expediency policy in religion he wished to have his opinions clearly defined, and distinction to be made between fashionable bourgeois followers of Mammon and good, noble followers of Jesus Christ.

He knew better than any one that ministers of the middle party "flock round the golden tablets of 'vested interests'" with just as much greed as ministers of the high-church party.

All Milton's prose works have for their ideal center a conception of human liberty and an aspiration after a greater development. "I devoted myself," he says, "to the study of the Christian religion because nothing else can so effectually rescue the lives and minds of men from these two detestable curses: slavery and superstition." [See "Milton's Autobiography," collected and edited by James Graham, London, 1872, page 169.]

The fame of a great man changes with time; it needs time to give it due perspective. In order, therefore, to form a correct estimate of the character of John Milton it is almost necessary to review the moral and material condition of England during the period of Milton's life, with which we are now concerned. The world all over was in a blaze of violent conflict. We all remember the Thirty Years' War, which ended in 1648. The great conspiracy against "human rights," which the house of Hapsburg followed and likewise carried to such perfection, was baffled at last in the Protestant siege. In England the political horizon had long been clouded through the tyrannical designs of Charles I to establish a strong monarchy on principles totally independent of the then popular ideas of human progress.

Says a French writer, is reviewing the history

of Charles I\*: "He did not stop at a purely material despotism; he wished also to tyrannize the conscience of the honest men; he forced upon them ceremonies and papal superstitions which had been reintroduced into the church by him alone. Those who refused to conform were imprisoned or banished. Twice he made war on the Scotch for no other reason. Can there still be any doubt about his deserving the name of a tyrant?"

The Stuart government, grossly taxed with ignorance and opposition to the rapid march of Anglo-Saxon intellect, watched sedulously to prevent the inculcation of principles inimical to its own existence. But, as we all know, these tyrannies of Charles I were to a great extent destroyed by the "Veni, Vidi, Vici" of the stern Puritans.

Disappointing as it may sound to some, the fact must be faced, nevertheless, that the English revolution, as well as the French a hundred and fifty years afterward, condensed in a gigantic manifesto the labor of many ages, transfusing into political language the sum total of social progress. Although, as Gladstone truly remarks in his "Chapter of Autobiography" (London, 1868), "the public mind is to a great degree unconscious of its own progression," no one, except the grossly ignorant, would I suppose attempt to deny that the English revolution was not a step and a right step on the path of emancipation and progress. Revolution is to society what mental advancement through education is to man: it is a necessity. And a necessity as long as certain factions of human society favor the growth of retrograde principles, and indulge in unjust social institutions. But that peculiar state of society in which and for which Milton wrote has indeed very deeply engraved itself in the remembrance of the world, and it is for this reason that the aspect and the memory of John Milton to our present generation has so great a value. "And as a man's fame," says Emerson, "of course characterizes those who give it, as much as him who receives it," the new characteristics and the new colors which we use in regard to Milton's character indicate a change which the grand poet himself might claim to have wrought.

It is true that the local and personal in nature

\*Il ne se borna point à un despotisme purement matériel; il voulait encore tyranniser la conscience des gens de bien; il les contraignait à des cérémonies, à des superstitions papales, par lui seul réintroduites dans l'église. Ceux qui refusaient de s'y conformer étaient emprisonnés ou bannis. Deux fois il a fait la guerre aux Ecossais sans un autre motif. Est-il encore douteux qu'il ait mérité le nom de tyran? [See *Theorie de la Royauté* d'après la doctrine de Milton. Paris 1789 in 8vo; anonymously written by Le Comte de Mirabeau or L'Abbé Salaville.]

have shared the destiny of oblivion; that the accidental facts on which the "grand rebellion" was fought have already passed or are fast passing out of public memory; but by his own innate worth and grandeur Milton enlists a reverence, an admiration, almost without limit.

It is an instructive lesson in human history to look through the cloud of dissimulation in which the actors of this remarkable epoch in the English national development were enveloped. They were all dissatisfied, all struggling. If the "gospel of discontent" has ever been preached in England it surely was during this period, and Milton was its grandest apostle. At the date of Milton's appointment to the secretaryship he was forty years of age. He served in the same capacity under Oliver and Richard and the Rump till the Restoration. "The council"—I quote again M. David Masson—"looked to him for everything in the nature of literary vigilance and literary help in the interests of the struggling commonwealth." [Encyclopedia Britannica.]

"Whatever may have been Cromwell's faults," says James Prendeville ("The Baudry Edition," Paris, 1850), "that of bending the neck of Britain to any foreign power, even in the slightest matter, was not one of them. He disdained to pay that tribute to the French King which had been long paid him by every court in Europe—of recognizing the French as the diplomatic language." Latin he would not disdain. For this reason Milton was invited by the council of state to be their Latin secretary for foreign affairs, at a salary of £288 18s. 6d. a year.

Soon after Milton's appointment (which occurred in the spring of 1649) a book entitled "The Portraiture of His Sacred Majesty in His Solitudes and Sufferings," was published, "under the King's name," says M. Trendeville. But this is a mistake. I have seen the original copy of 1649; it is anonymously written and dedicated to Charles II. The author, as is now ascertained, was M. Gauden, Bishop of Exeter. Milton was ordered to prepare an answer, which he did in 1650, under the title of "Iconoclastes, or Image-Breakers," with historical reference to "the famous surname of many Greek emperors of the Christian Church, who, in their zeal against Romish idolatry and superstition, broke all images to pieces." Both books had great circulation, and created a great sensation.

It is a part of our national habits to regard every man who can be so regarded not according to his eminence in art or science so much as

according to his station as a political partisan. Thus Milton has often, and especially by Germans, been viewed as a partisan. Thus M. Bayle, who was the first to introduce Milton to French readers, calls him a "*fameux apologiste du supplice de Charles I, Roi d'Angleterre*" (famous justifier of punishment for kings), which was very odious to the public sentiment of that time. [See the first edition of *Dictionnaire historique et critique* par M. Pierre Bayle, Rotterdam, 1697.]

Professor Alfred Stern of the University of Bern, the latest German biographer of Milton, and who ranks as the Masson of the Germans, calls Milton "the greatest intellectual representative of Puritanism in England" (*der grösste geistige Vertreter des Puritanismus in England*), which is only true so far as the political side of Puritanism is concerned. At the end of my essay, in the summing up, I will make this assertion clear to my readers.

"Truth, of all possessions, is the most precious to the soul of man," says Gladstone, and not forgetting this in our moral and political estimate of Milton we shall soon learn that there is a radical difference, to exemplify our case, between John Milton as a partisan and Claude Salmasius as such. Both wrote on the subject of defense, but defense of what? Salmasius on the then already faded "royal" prerogatives; Milton on popular rights; Salmasius on *Defensio regia*; Milton *Pro Populo Anglicano Defensio*. "I resolved," Milton says, "to stand on that side where I saw the plain authority of Scripture leading, and the reason of justice and equity persuading, and defend a good cause earnestly." [Autobiography.]

The idea of a purer existence than any he saw around him, to be realized in the life and conversation of men, inspired every act and every writing of John Milton.

We all know the meanness of Salmasius in reproaching Milton with losing his eyes in the quarrel; but Milton did not become discouraged, and it is a refreshing spectacle to see this almost blind secretary calmly summoning great monarchs, as it were, before him and instructing them in those vital duties of government, in the discharge of which the republics, both of Greece and Rome and of modern Europe (Holland), had furnished models.

Salmasius died at Maëstricht, September 3, 1653, and "as controversialists are commonly said to be killed by their last dispute, Milton was flattered with the credit of having destroyed him."



[Alex. Chalmers' "Life of Milton" (London, 1810), in "The Works of English Poets from Chaucer to Cowper."]

James Prendeville, who relates the incident about Salmasius in quite a new light, says: "Christina, Queen of Sweden, a great patroness of learning, had previously invited Salmasius and several of the most distinguished scholars from all countries to her court, among them the famous Isaac Vossius, who (as he says in a letter to Nicholas Heinsius) first showed her Milton's book. When she read it Salmasius speedily sunk in her estimation, and that of the eminent literati about her, and quitted the court. The states of Holland publicly condemned Salmasius' book, and ordered it to be suppressed, while Milton's circulated rapidly through the country. On the other hand, Milton's book was publicly burned by the hangman in Paris and Toulouse, on account of its principles, but this only served to procure it more readers. It was everywhere read and admired for the great learning, genius, logical reasoning and eloquence it showed. It is said that the mortification Salmasius felt at his utter overthrow accelerated his death." And William Hayley, in speaking of the same controversy, says: "No author ever acquired a more rapid and extensive celebrity than Milton acquired by this contest." [The Boydell edition, London, 1794.]

[To be concluded in the April number.]

### THE LIFE CONVICT.

TRANSLATED FROM THE NORWEGIAN OF JONAS LIE BY  
JAMES LANGLAND.

[NOTE.—"The Life Convict" began in the January number. Back numbers can be supplied.]

#### III.

It was a dangerous corner where the great broad street to the Latin school crossed the narrow one leading to the public school, and on the days when the afternoon recess of the latter occurred, just as the long morning session at the Latin school was over, it sometimes happened that the high spirits of those just released clashed with the dark and bitter mood of those who were just about to go in again.

Ludvig Wejergang had already, with his fine sealskin knapsack on his back, traveled that road for several years. On account of his small head and beak-like nose, his long, smooth neck and the manner of his walk, he had been nicknamed "Ostrich." When he met Nicholas he pretended

not to know him, while Nicholas, on the other hand, whistled and stamped on the paving-stones.

The public school's new coasting-hill extended along the curb quite a distance out into the Latin school street. It had been produced by the joint labor of the many during a whole week. As chance would have it, Nicholas, in the midst of a crowd of comrades, came gliding down upon it at full speed, shouting and hurrahing, just as Ludvig Wejergang and some others turned the corner, and young Wejergang received such a shock that he lost his pencil-case, and the penholders, lead and slate pencils were scattered everywhere.

"Pick them up, you rascal," he shouted to Nicholas, who was the one who had struck him. "I shall tell of you at home, you may be sure of that. Pick them up, or —"

A kick which sent a couple of lumps of snow flying was the only reply.

"You'll be punished if that's what you want. Father shall know at once, to-day, that you are the leader of the street rabble in the town, and if no one else will tell your mother I'll do it, no matter how she may groan and cry."

"I suppose you want me to twist your ostrich beak?"

"You just dare! Perhaps you don't know that we keep you at the blockmaker's? But I shall take good care that he whips you till the skin blisters and you beg my pardon; such a fellow as you are, who doesn't even know who his father is and whose mother only wishes that he never existed!"

The last word was scarcely out of his mouth before Nicholas was upon him with a pair of fists like sledge-hammers, and in a few blessed moments every trace of difference in rank and birth was pounded out of him. Here he was to know "both his father and mother."

It became one of the public school's memorable and celebrated days when Ludvig Wejergang's "ostrich beak" was tapped and its wine spilled upon the snow; and two or three classes of interested spectators even the next day at noon looked at the traces of red spots on the snow pile near the lamp-post.

But, though the honor and admiration which he received that afternoon were great, Nicholas knew that at home the affair would be looked at in an entirely different light. They would certainly obtain information of it quickly enough from the Wejergangs.

On his way home he slackened his pace more and more. The thought of what was awaiting

him made his step heavier and heavier, and when finally he left his companion he suddenly stopped and turned about near the huckster's house where the street led away from and not toward home.

It was now the third night that Nicholas had been away, as Madam Holman was explaining to the policeman outside, and it was not to be wondered at if he expected the punishment he deserved and felt his back burn. To dare assault his superior's child! And that, too, Consul Wejergang's, his own benefactor's son!

But where could he be? In the lumber-yard he certainly was not at this season of the year.

His refuge was not easily found, for it was very much like looking in one's own pocket. In common with other criminals Nicholas was driven by an irresistible impulse, like the moth fluttering about the candle, to hide himself as close as possible to the place of his greatest fear and dread—where Madam Holman was and where he could catch glimpses of Silla.

As Holman lay at night in his drunken stupor he felt that something was wrong with Nicholas. He listened to the drip, drip and splash, splash, outside of the water produced by the thaw. The sound had but one melody; Ni-cho-las, Ni-cho-las.

He might lose his health out there!

Suddenly he sat up in bed. Where should Nicholas be keeping house except under the old wagon cover in the loft over the coach house, which stood there moldy and tattered with the opening toward the wall.

It was in accordance with this idea that he went out.

Nicholas did not feel the blockmaker's fist; he was still sleeping peacefully when he was lifted up by the coat collar.

It was not until he stood upright on his feet that, speedily comprehending the situation, he threw himself down, struggled, kicked and screamed. Rather than go home they might take his head off or murder him.

His iron heel proved that he meant what he said. He was quite beside himself with rage and terror.

The blockmaker was thoroughly angry. If he only had him inside the door how the rattan would dance!

Madam Holman stood waiting at the door with the candle. By its light she saw a gray-white face; the eyes stared at her and she suddenly heard, "You can't get me in! If I was born on the street I can stay on the street!"

The Madam received a glance from the sharp, gray, defiant eyes when he slipped out of the blockmaker's hands and was away.

The blows on Ludvig's nose struck Barbro right in the heart. When she had heard that he had run away from the blockmaker's, and that the question was under consideration of sending him to the reform school, there was sighing and weeping. She had had enough shame on account of the boy and this she could not survive. Her mistress must prevent it. She knew she had done her duty, and more, during all these years that she had been Ludvig and Lizzie's nurse, but this she could not stand; this the lady must prevent, or she did not know what might happen or what she might do. She might not be able to remain there any longer.

Barbro sat sighing and weeping in the nursery until they were almost afraid to enter. Such attacks usually lasted at the outside only a day, but this one continued three and disturbed the peace of the house. Then Mrs. Wejergang had a headache and was to have her afternoon nap, during which everything must be perfectly quiet about her.

It was Barbro who used to go even as far as the kitchen hushing everybody and keeping a watch at the hall door. But now she sat inside and sulked.

She was a little surprised that her mistress lay quiet all the time and did not call her. On the other hand she was enduring the punishment she inflicted upon herself. The lady should know what it was to oppose her even if it lasted the whole week.

It became dark and her mistress still lay there. She lay until the consul came driving home in the evening. She did not even ring for a light when she arose.

Mrs. Wejergang received her husband with a cloth about her head and her face red with weeping. She was violently agitated and her voice trembled.

She declared that nothing less would satisfy her than Barbro's dismissal. There was an unheard-of tyranny in the house, and had been for many years, and if she had borne it without complaint—Mr. Wejergang knew that she had never complained—it was for the children's sake. But it certainly was not necessary now, and "it was perhaps best to make use of the opportunity; she has become altogether too arrogant."

That she was dismissed in the most considerate

and delicate, but at the same time in the firmest, manner, follows as a matter of course. The lady's whole circle of acquaintances were unanimous in declaring they had all been expecting that the Wejergangs would sometime dismiss that perverse creature.

The only one who was heartily astounded and who could not understand it, that she, Wejergang's Barbro, was actually to be sent away from Ludvig, Lizzie and the whole family, was Barbro herself. It was as though she had been deafened by a thunderbolt.

She went about feeling highly offended and hurt, waiting for a change of decision to come. Then she humbled herself before her mistress and wept with the children.

But there was nothing but the same friendliness, and her dismissal was more firmly fixed than ever.

Now her mistress began to talk of a gratuity which the consul-general was going to give her when she left.

Indignantly she tied the strings of her best bonnet, and with an air of offended pride asked leave to go into the city.

What this signified her mistress was to learn later in the day when she returned. It was nothing less than that it was now her fixed, unchangeable purpose to offer her services to others who knew better how to appreciate them than the Wejergangs.

She directed her angry steps directly to Alderman Scheeles. They had four children and were looking for a nurse. They were the consul-general's nearest friends, where she had only to show herself to be received with open arms. How often had the Alderman's wife praised her conduct, and condescendingly spoken to her when they were there at dinner on Sundays. More than once she had told how fortunate Mrs. Wejergang was to have such a gem in the house, and sighed because she herself could not find her equal.

But was it not unfortunate? The alderman's wife was extremely sorry, but they had just at this moment secured another.

"Think of it, Scheele!" exclaimed his wife when he came in from his office; "there is a revolution at Wejergang's, and the high and mighty nurse Barbro has received her walking-papers. She has been here and offered her services. I would not have the spoiled creature at any price."

Barbro went far that day, and to the best families. She had the consul-general's long and extremely favorable certificate of character on a

large triple-folded sheet of paper to exhibit, and she knew, too, how well she was known. But as large, prim and well dressed as she was and however well she acted there was none who had any use for her.

And late in the evening, later than was necessary, because she did not care to be seen, she returned home, disappointed and tired.

It certainly seemed as if her assured position all these years, all her faithfulness and all her prestige as nurse at Wejergang's, were suddenly about to vanish in the air.

However sore she felt after her unlucky expedition it was noticeable that no one in the house asked how it resulted, though she received plenty of malicious glances from her fellow-servants, whose standing in the favor of the mistress had depended upon her. Every time she attempted to bring up the subject her mistress began to talk of something else—she even said once that she never meddled with such things.

But the tokens of friendship increased as the day of her departure drew nearer. Barbro began to perceive this friendly pressure which so gently yet firmly and steadily forced her out of the house. The consul-general found a place in a blacksmith shop for Nicholas, and from her mistress she received various articles which she was to keep as remembrances. But when one day the consul, with thoughtful foresight, presented her with one of his old trunks she was completely overwhelmed, and her large, unwieldy person sank down upon it. She could not comprehend, and she had never believed the day would come when she would have to part with her mistress and Ludvig and Lizzie. She could not survive it!

This was an appeal directly to the consul-general himself. But his answer was not exactly what Barbro desired. He patted her on the shoulder and said:

"I am glad, my dear Barbro, that you appreciate what a good time you have had."

When the account was made up, and she received her bank-book in the consul's office, the sum she was credited with amounted to one hundred and fourteen dollars, with which she ought to be satisfied, considering her heavy expenses for Nicholas. She declared that she had decided to rest awhile before going to work, and had taken board at a farmer's house out in the country. She had now worked for others for fourteen years.

The last evening, which she had feared so much, passed easier than she expected. The family had been invited to Willock's country-



place for the afternoon, so that the farewells had to be short as they were getting into the carriage.

She was left with a sense of touch in her fingers of Lizzie's fine, soft furs, which she had stroked.

#### IV.

The blockmaker continued to make his regular trips into Madam Selvig's saloon in the evenings to "brace up" for his arrival home. When the ale-bottle and a requisite number of drams had been disposed of, his countenance, which at first was a little wavering and uncertain, became a sort of dull, staring mask. It was here that he enjoyed a daily hour of forgetfulness of the life struggle which he had undertaken at the time he chose to unite his fortunes inseparably with those of his wife. When he sat there, silent and buried in thought, staring over his glass, they felt that he was brooding over something, possibly only the number of the drinks, possibly the bar account, and possibly, too, some altogether different world of thought, into which he was silently gazing, like a naturalist into bottomless depths.

Or perhaps he was with silent resignation revolving in his mind the problem of marriage and the wonderful law of cause and effect which had brought him here to the saloon.

"But regularity there must be," said the blockmaker, as when the clock struck half-past eight, with a tool in his hand and with bowed head, he began his shuffling walk homeward.

Saturday evenings, when the work in the factory came to an end, a tall, young and active girl with thick wrists, lean arms and a slightly bowed figure usually came down to accompany him. She had a basket with a paper, on which was written what should be bought with the week's wages.

So the two generally walked up the street together, gradually slackening their pace. He stopped again and again, looked about thoughtfully, with one hand in his pocket, and occasionally ejaculating, "So, so," until they reached Madam Selvig's steps and green door, when he suddenly declared he had a "tool" in there and that he would return immediately.

What "immediately" signified Silla knew from experience, and in the meantime she took her own way through the lots.

In the beautiful August evening one crowd of laborers followed the other over the bridge, many of them accompanied by wife or child, just like her father. It was so common and its significance was so well understood that it was not worth while to waste a thought upon it. While the various

doors and yards sent forth their streams of laborers she approached one of the deep alleys which run between the places where wagons are loaded, having fences on both sides and piles of lumber within. Its furrowed, black mud led to a smithy and tool-yard.

At the corner was a heap of refuse full of broken bottles and dishes. There she remained standing with her basket, stepping backward upon the pile so as to make room for the passers-by. In this way she got so high up that she could look over the fence into the yard.

There they were still busy with paying off the men, who crowded about a little shanty which served as office.

She stood and looked earnestly in, with her neck stretched forward, like a bird, her head turned, with the dark eyes like two beads. Her errand could not be mistaken.

"Hallo, girl; are you looking for your lover?" somebody said below.

She saw Nicholas at the same moment, and he gave her a signal. She heard the remark and angrily swung around with her basket.

He came sooty and unwashed straight from his work and crept through the opening in the fence.

"He is gone!"

"Who?"

"He had red hair, blue suspenders and a canvas cap. I think it must have been that fellow from Grönlieu whom they call the 'Viper.' He accused me of standing here and looking for my lover."

"I shall look after him! Just let me get hold of him and I'll hammer rivets out of him, and then I'll pull out his hair for brush bristles, so that his father will only have to put it in the tar-kettle!"

He looked about, but as he could not anywhere see the "Viper," who was destined for such a dark and terrible fate, his anger suddenly cooled, and with a quick nod toward the street he proposed:

"To Baker Ring, Silla?"

He had his week's wages in his pocket, and so they took the nearest way through a pair of muddy back yards, which were provided in the worst places with foot-planks, to the shop mentioned.

Ah, how they bought and how they ate! There were, in particular, some fine, costly cakes with preserves in them. . . . It was the two collars he had thought of buying at the end of the week that they were now eating up.

Nicholas was telling with much pride how he had made six large iron hooks with eyes. She

must not imagine that it was only necessary to use a sledge-hammer. No; the iron must be hammered, pounded and bent at the right time. Down there they only made rods, handles and heavy wheel-tires, but he was going to be either a locksmith or a mechanic.

This did not interest Silla very much; she wanted to know about the Sunday excursion when he got leave to accompany the journeymen. It must have been awfully delightful! And they danced, too?

"Oh, you may be sure. Anders Berg is a solid fellow. He will soon start a blacksmith shop in Svelvig and then he will get married."

"And the ladies, were they engaged, too?"

"Eh?"

"Well?"

"Oh!"

"What's the matter with you now? Can't you tell?"

"Oh it's nothing—only foolishness. None of them will be blacksmiths' wives—such as carry on now with one and now with another. Nonsense."

"And you; did you dance?"

"Oh the apprentices are only allowed to run for beer, but when I am a journeyman—but, Silla, the clock; we must hurry," he suddenly interrupted.

"There's no danger yet. One more cake with preserves—go in and buy; do you hear? Yes, do, Nicholas," she begged, and as he went in to get what she wanted she called after him:

"And a few lozenges for the walk home—of those four for a penny."

"Can't you eat it on the way?" he insisted when he came out. "Only hurry. Just think if they should find out at home that you had been with me!"

"Nonsense; we can wait yet"—she leaned comfortably against the wall—"for do you see," she chatted as she ate, "father will not be out of Madam Selvig's for some time yet, and that, in the first place, I will say is what kept me. I can count on half an hour for that. Then in the next place I have it arranged for mother that it is Saturday evening, and that the shop was so full of people that I could not reach the counter. And when I won't have supper I will only have to say, you see, that I got such a terrible headache from standing and waiting in the store where it was so suffocatingly hot. Mother's nose would have to be pretty sharp to discover that I had met you. Now what are you making such a grimace for?"

"She at home"—he never called her mother anything else—"compels you to tell lies every day. No one has a right to tell the truth but she."

"Oh"—she tossed her head impatiently. It was so often repeated.

"She devours all the honesty in the house herself, you see, for it is impossible to be honest with her out of pure terror. She maintains the discipline, and big or little it is all the same. The one who dares to speak the truth without being able to back it up with his fist gets a beating just as I got it. Well, with me it makes no difference, but when I think that you are now going home to repeat all your lies, that you are so afraid and that you have so little strength, Silla!"

She tried to laugh it away, but her countenance fell. She could not endure this unpleasant subject because she felt obliged to lie if he was ever so angry.

Then she suddenly became anxious to hurry away. "No, no; we must go home, Nicholas; do you hear? I dare not stay here any longer."

Nicholas had become warm, but he suddenly stopped when he saw Silla's frightened look. She had turned the pocket of her dress inside out and was holding it while she was gazing and searching about her on the ground. Then she feverishly examined her dress and exclaimed:

"The money, the money, Nicholas!" She continued to shake her skirts and look anxiously around. "The silver change and mark pieces were wrapped up in the two dollar bills just as I got them from father. I put them in my pocket at once."

"What shall I do, Nicholas?" she began to cry, but with a sudden impulse she looked in her basket. Still they were not there.

They searched and searched.

Of course they went to the heap of refuse where they had stood swinging the basket. Clearly the money must be among the broken bottles. The pale, thin edge of the new full moon had risen above the factory yards as they went step by step and searched, and Silla now and then exclaimed, despairingly and monotonously, "If I don't find it!" Nicholas put his arm up to the elbow into gutter holes into which the money might have sunk.

They had been to the bridge; they had searched on the pile of refuse; they had looked back and forth several times. There was no prospect of finding it.

Now it began to be late, and at home Madam

Holman was waiting—certainly waiting by this time.

Silla began to cry.

Nicholas had once or twice asked her to keep quiet and he would find the money. Now he suddenly said:

"I feel like filling you up with cakes once more to-day and then both of us might jump into the sea, Silla. To lie there would not be a falsehood."

Whether his proposition was seriously meant or not it was not listened to. She sat in despair on a piece of timber and the tears ran down her cheeks in large drops.

The sixteen, seventeen-year-old apprentice stood busied in thought, with his flat cap pushed back over the hair matted and disordered by the perspiration of a week's work. He gazed steadfastly into an old rotten hole in the piece of timber. The hole became hollower and hollower and more decayed while his mind was meditating upon a way out of the difficulty. He did not find it.

Convinced of her fate she rose, and taking the basket started homeward, with her eyes turned down toward her feet. It was her march to the scaffold.

Nicholas followed behind her as far as he dared and in various ways repeated: "Don't be afraid, Silla. They can't take your life."

Something like a quiet sobbing told him that she heard him.

When she disappeared around the corner he hurried through by-ways known only to himself and a few old stray cats, and through the fence below the yard he saw how she went without stopping into the basement, still quiet and bowed.

When it was dark he stood outside the window and listened. He could still hear her crying softly after the storm that had passed over her.

Madam Holman had examined and cross-examined Silla until she had finally forced her to tell that she had been in company with Nicholas. That she, Madam Holman's daughter, should, in spite of all injunctions against it, seek the company of this stray and lost one, who had repaid her with such ingratitude, was enough to bring her to the brink of the grave!

And furthermore no one was to make her believe that Holman's hard-earned wages could disappear like steam out of a kettle. A starved apprentice walking near a well-filled pocket-book—everybody knew how that would terminate.

Master Nicholas, no doubt, had cunningly waited for the time when Silla went with her father's money in her pocket in order to get it transferred to his own.

It did not help matters any that Silla in her obstinacy insisted that he had not even seen the money—"the idea of Nicholas taking money from her!"

The last utterance sealed his fate—in her house no concealment should take place.

There was confusion in the blacksmith shop the next day when a policeman came and arrested the apprentice Nicholas. He was to appear in the police court for having last Saturday defrauded a young girl out of her father's wages for a whole week.

When they were gone Anders Berg swore as he let the heavy sledge fall on the anvil that this Nicholas had never done. The others, Jan, Peter and Katrinus, and Bernt Johan Jacobsen and Peter Evenson, did not believe anything—but that the police should enter a respectable blacksmith shop! He had better look for work at some other place after this.

At first Nicholas had but one feeling—the paralyzing fear which always accompanies a first acquaintance with the police—that he had a good conscience came to his mind, but he immediately dismissed the thought. He had often had it, but it always proved too thin an ice to stand on in the hour of trial. This conscience was a growth which too often had been crushed under Madam Holman's heel to now, in any manner, exist within him like a flower in full bloom.

The result of his thoughts was a sudden and violent effort to wrench himself out of the policeman's grasp, but the only effect was that immediately after he had a policeman on each side.

At the hearing before the police sergeant his countenance had a dark, obstinate appearance, and the eyes, too sharp and knowing for his age, did not make a favorable impression.

"Silla?" He had not been with any Silla on Saturday!

It did not even occur to him to betray her, and it was not until he was confronted by herself and her mother, and heard she had confessed, that he acknowledged it.

And Silla—always with sobs in her throat—continued to insist that he had not taken the money. This did not prove one thing or the other. What was more important was that which was learned when his lodgings were searched. He lived at Glassmaker Olsen's with three other apprentices,



and they were unanimous in saying that on the Saturday in question he came home late after they had fallen asleep, and on Sunday morning he had gone out again very early.

The prisoner's claim that it was for the purpose of looking in the yard for the lost money seemed scarcely credible. But any nearer they could not get to him.

An obstinate young sneak-thief! That is the testimony which Madam Holman gives, too.

Nicholas stood with his cap in his hand, and looking down on the floor. He had a habit of contracting and elevating his brows when in perplexity. In his broad, young face, with its large features, the gray eyes into which a peculiar expression sometimes came, the police sergeant's penetrating, and through many years' experience acquired, observation detected signs of a subject with which the police would often come in contact in the future.

"To prevent collusion with the other apprentices in the room"—thus he dictated to the clerk—"and in consideration of the fact that the accused has shown bad faith in attempting to escape, and his false behavior and denials during the examination, he will until further orders be confined in jail."

When he heard this order the muscles of his face, which was covered with perspiration, involuntarily contracted. There was something in it of the poor man's curse, because he never has any way of escape. A mistake, and he is captured; a dollar lost, and he is before the court.

After another hearing Nicholas was discharged for the want of evidence.

The morning that the jail door closed behind him he sneaked down the street feeling as though all the windows on both sides were watching him. It was quite different from the walk of one whose sun of honesty shines again!

Down in his lodgings at Madam Olsen's he found his few things put away in a closet under the stairway waiting for him to take away. He was told that his place in the hall-room had been taken by another.

He did not ask why. The madam's polite silence hurt more than if she had spoken ever so loudly of "persons who caused the house to be ransacked and searched."

And then he had to go down to the shop and show himself to Haegberg, the master, Anders Berg, the journeymen, and the apprentices.

He went with halting steps, and stopped again and again. What would Anders Berg think?

Under an attack of dejection he half turned

about. But the trial must be endured. He raised his head defiantly and whistled softly. But when he approached the coal-blackened fence of the blacksmith shop his whistling ceased, and when he went in through the gate he was bathed in cold perspiration. Without saying a word he went to the coal-bin and began to take up some pig-iron bars which were to be got out of the way. While he was doing this there was no one who spoke to him.

Anders Berg had an iron on the anvil, and it was not until he and the other smiths finished hammering it, that he came to him and said:

"I knew you would come back. Here is work for you. Take and file these three keys."

Nicholas took his place at one of the vises and soon he was hard at work both with the coarse and fine file.

Anders Berg's address had done him so much good. It had given him a standing again in the whole shop, and in his heart he swore eternal friendship and devotion to Anders Berg.

In the large smithy the sledges resounded and made the sparks fly, the hammers clanged and pounded, the files rasped with a sharp, piercing noise that deafened the ears, the work went on, and Nicholas thought he had never known how pleasant it was to be a smith. He filed the key as smoothly and carefully as if it had been a fine key for a bureau and not a large coarse one for a wooden gate.

Now the turn came for the handle. He worked away with the coarse file so energetically that he scarcely heard the sledges through the noise he made.

At the anvil near him was a smith making rivets, while one of the apprentices worked the bellows and heaped up the coals. They talked and laughed. Now and then some loud exclamation reached Nicholas.

It was not, however, before the boy made a grimace toward him that Nicholas thought it was himself who was the subject of the conversation. The deafening file suddenly went quite softly in his hand, and he had at once eyes and ears for what was going on about him.

There they stood at the vises, talking and nodding to each other; there ran Jan Petter reporting what one and another had said. It was easy to perceive what was up—that he was standing there like an animal on exhibition; no, worse than that, like one who could steal from any or all of them.

Not one of the apprentices would share his

room with him now. So much he could tell by simply looking at them.

He stood listening with a feeling that now they were killing him at every workbench—that they were filing him in the vises, pounding him with hammers and crushing him with sledges. He interpreted and understood the meaning of glances and looks.

"Yes, you see, Mathias," he heard from the direction of the rivets which the man now took up in his apron, "there are many lighter trades than to work in a blacksmith shop. Make good nippers out of your hands, my boy."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the one addressed.

"Or make a pair of pincers with which you can take things out of dress-pockets from all the girls in town who have a few shillings, my boy."

Nicholas heard every word and the laugh which followed. He was terribly pale.

Coarse humor shone in the man's sooty face, and when their eyes met he grinned contemptuously.

A little while after he came past with his apron full of rivets. Their glances met again, the scornful eyes opened widely. Nicholas saw them as though he was dizzy—and the man with the blow of a fist in his face fell backward so that the rivets flew in every direction.

There was a short pause of astonishment before they all started toward him.

But Nicholas swung the big file about him as though possessed. In his rage he felt a desire to knock down one after the other in the whole shop until justice was done him. Wait, he had just begun!

On the anvil lay the hammer.

But those in the shop did not wait, and in a moment he was down with blue and yellow sparks flying before his eyes and with as many of his opponents upon him as there was room for. Now he was to be held and transported—he had used deadly weapons!

He felt a mighty grasp in the collar of his jacket and his skin—he felt himself half lifted up and half flung out of the shop door.

It was Anders Berg who had used his strength to save him, and who, scarcely loosening his grasp, was taking him out of the gate.

It was good-by to the blacksmith shop.

"I will tell you something," exclaimed Berg, after the tumult was over. He was still red in the face and shouted as if he was hammering. "A wrong bent has been beaten into Nicholas, but it is not his fault."

The sledge sank into the iron.

Nicholas did not attempt to hire himself out that evening; he was too exhausted. His clothes were torn into rags, and more than all, he felt so bitterly toward people now that he had been compelled to leave the shop in such a way.

When darkness came he went to one of his old lodgings in the lumber-yard. In one of the deep, quadrangular spaces he lay and looked up toward the stars. It seemed to him that the world had become so terrible.

[Continued in the April number.]

### DEMOSTHENES.

#### A TRAGEDY IN FIVE ACTS.

BY A. T. LINDBOLM.

#### CHARACTERS.

PHILIP, King of Macedon.	
ALEXANDER, his son.	
DEMOSTHENES,	} Athenian Orators.
ÆSCHINES,	
DEMADES,	
HYPERIDES,	
ERIGONE, Demosthenes' daughter.	
PHORMIO, Demades' son.	
ARCHIAS, Captain of Philip's Guard.	
A MACEDONIAN CAPTAIN.	
DAMON, an Athenian Citizen.	
BENNO, Demosthenes' Slave.	
HARPALUS, a Macedonian General.	
An Archon.	
A Priest.	
Three Speaking Athenians.	
An Athenian Woman.	
A Cheronean Woman.	
A Macedonian Citizen.	
A Prisoner from Amphissa.	
An Athenian Messenger.	
Athenians, Thebans, Macedonians, Prisoners.	

[Continued from February number.]

#### ACT III.

*King PHILIP's camp—on the left his tent, and near it a high field-chair.*

#### SCENE I.

(PHILIP and ARCHIAS discovered.)

PHILIP (*coming out from the tent*). Has Demades not yet returned?

ARCHIAS (*who has remained in center stage*). Nay, King.

PHILIP. 'Tis very strange!

ARCHIAS. Pardon, King, if I ask

What great anxiety to-day disturbs thee?

PHILIP. Ah! 'tis the torments of suspense, my friend.

Thou knowest I sent Demades to Thebes.

ARCHIAS. Ay, ay; and thou didst give the Attic traitor

Thy confidence, though thou didst know him well.

He will deceive thee as he did his people!

PHILIP. Thou art mistaken. He's as true to me

As his own soul is to its elements.

Place, riches, favor, which I can bestow,

To these he, yearningly, doth turn his eye

As the heliotrope turns to the sun—

Ay, fawningly doth cringe and bow to them!

Honor did he forsake for oratory.  
 The popular assemblies are great seas  
 Oft heaved by storms—yet *he* took to the waves,  
 And by bold venture soon became their master.  
 His art brought great results, ay, spurred him on  
 To further increase, until he, absorbed  
 In his pursuit for lucre, spied a haven  
 Where gold did flow still more abundantly.  
 He, therefore, to appease his hunger, left  
 The people's service to accept a king's;  
 And thus became he fettered to my cause  
 With golden chains he scarcely will throw off.  
 Do not deride him—he has none betrayed.  
 Whoe'er he serves, himself he serves the best.  
 To me he lends his craftiness and art  
 In furthering my plans and to fill his coffers!—  
 Ah, here he is! I wager he has guessed  
 Gold was the subject of our conversation.

## SCENE II.

(Enter DEMADES and PHORMIO.)

PHILIP. Welcome, friend Demades!  
 DEMADES. Reserve, O King!  
 Thy friendly greeting, until thou hast heard  
 What news I bring.  
 PHILIP. Even though they be evil,  
 Ay, stubborn facts, I much prefer them to  
 Uncertainties and doubt.  
 DEMADES. Then take the burden,  
 And manly bear it, King: my mission's proved  
 A failure.  
 PHILIP. And the gods be thanked that I  
 At last, by hearing this, have found relief;  
 For now can I breathe free and be at ease.  
 But thou art tired—rest thyself—sit down,  
 And thine adventure now relate in detail.  
 (Sits himself in the high field-chair, offering a low chair  
 to DEMADES)  
 Who is this youth?  
 DEMADES. My son. May he, O King,  
 Share with his father in thy royal favor!  
 PHILIP (to PHORMIO). My friend, what place dost thou  
 desire? Choose!  
 PHORMIO. Were it mine own choice that had brought  
 me hither  
 'Twould not have been as warrior for thy cause,  
 But as thy feeman, armed with sword and spear!  
 PHILIP. Ah! there is some true metal in that speech!  
 Well, but suppose I to a choice compelled thee?  
 PHORMIO. Him thou compellest must thou first affright!  
 PHILIP. He is a lion's cub, not easily tamed!  
 Ah, surely not from thee he took his lessons.  
 DEMADES. Nay, as with less eccentric notions he  
 Would then have better known his own advantage!  
 He from Demosthenes received his teachings.  
 PHILIP. Aha! I guessed it. He is a good plant,  
 Nurtured by noble hands. Well, my brave lad,  
 I hope in time we'll learn to know each other.  
 Be now my guest—but tell me, Demades,  
 Where is the man thou even now didst name?  
 DEMADES. He was at Thebes, accompanied thither by  
 My son, which I deplore. He at this moment  
 Has started on his journey toward home.

PHILIP. Ah! I must see him. Archias, set out  
 At once to intercept him on his way  
 Before he reaches Athens. Tell him I  
 Desire, as friend, here to consult him  
 'Pon matters which concern the fate of Greece.  
 Be quick! (Exit ARCHIAS.)

DEMADES. Thou wilt —

PHILIP. Perhaps that I may win him!  
 By sword or by diplomacy *must* Athens  
 Be subjugated! Yet, at all events,  
 'Tis meet for Philip and Demosthenes  
 Once to become acquainted. But, my friend,  
 Now to thy mission—what of its results?

DEMADES. I brought thy message to the men of  
 Thebes

And turned my gift of speech to good account.  
 All seemed at first to promise fair results.  
 Parmenio was along. By gold the senate  
 Was easily brought over; naught remained  
 But to obtain the suffrage of the people,  
 Whose mind with skill had been intimidated;  
 The great advantage they themselves would gain  
 By their accepting thy most fair proposal;  
 All insults, and indignities they oft  
 Had suffered from Athens, forcibly  
 I held forth to them, and with good effect:  
 When suddenly an adversary came  
 And snatched the victory out of my hands!

PHILIP. Ah, I have guessed who was this adversary!  
 Here the apprentice surely met his master.

DEMADES. Well, as thou wilt. A clamor then arose  
 Amongst them to admit two delegates  
 From Athens. My remonstrance was in vain,  
 And then my foe ascended the tribunal.  
 From him emerged, like wave doth follow wave,  
 A sea of words betokening disaster.  
 Enough; the mob, born on its sweeping tide,  
 Resolved, midst shouts of wildest exultation,  
 To enter into friendship and alliance  
 With Athens.

## SCENE III.

(Enter a woman.)

WOMAN. King! O grant to me thy hearing.  
 PHILIP. Not now; thou seest that I have no time.  
 WOMAN. Thou hast no time? then step down from  
 thy throne,  
 For *he* who sits thereon ought at all times  
 To listen to the people.

PHILIP. Well, what wilt thou?  
 I hear thee.

WOMAN. King! I am in great distress:  
 The soldiers thou hast quartered in my house  
 Offer but insults to myself and children,  
 And vain are all our tears and supplications  
 If thou, a King, wilt give us no protection.

PHILIP. Ay, thou shalt have it;

(beckons to one of his guard.)

Go, follow this woman;

And in her home quiet restore to her.

(Exeunt woman and guard.)

DEMADES. Thy kindness I admire! Thou'lt protect  
 Those who offer indignities!



PHILIP. Ah! these  
Are laid upon a King by Kings and nations,  
Not by the common subject. It is easy  
To draw the people's hearts near unto us.  
Show only them good will, and give them justice.  
O, Athens, would that I for the same price  
Could conquer thee, and over to my side  
Bring thy proud orator! But now go on;  
Relate what he did say unto the Thebans.

DEMADES. As I have said before, I did endeavor—

PHILIP. Some other time relate what *thou* hast done—  
Now would I like to know what *he* has said,  
So as to rightly comprehend his plans.

DEMADES. The pith of all his speech was aimed at  
thee!

PHILIP. And at whom else? Ay, ay; I know full well,  
That he hits me at mark—this gives me pleasure  
As well as honor—still ought I to know  
What blows he's given.

DEMADES. We are disturbed again!

PHILIP. No matter: speak! one ear is wholly thine.

#### SCENE IV.

(Enter a Macedonian Citizen.)

CITIZEN. Great King! I come before thee with my  
grievance,  
And beg thee to restore to me possessions  
Of which I have unjustly been deprived.  
My sister and myself did from our parents  
Inherit a small house and farm in Pella.  
The farm is of most value. Now the law  
Assigns to son and daughter equal shares;  
Yet so decided not our judge. His son  
Has wed my sister, hence the judge, unfit  
In this case to preside, for he assigned  
To me the smallest share, and thus robbed me  
Of my just right. Now, King, I pray thee, give  
Me justice!

PHILIP (*having meanwhile listened to DEMADES*). I can-  
not reverse this judgment.

CITIZEN. Ye gods! nay, I appeal!

PHILIP. What insolence!  
Dost thou not hear the King now having passed  
His judgment, from which there is no appeal?

CITIZEN. Yet, from a king who giveth me no hearing,  
(*Pointing to the sky.*)

I shall appeal unto that King! whose judgment  
Neither is rendered from hearsay nor  
From prejudice!

PHILIP (*to DEMADES*). I ought to praise this day,  
Of which each moment has taught me a lesson.  
Should this continue, ere the sun has set  
I surely can be reckoned 'mongst the wise.

(*To the citizen.*)

Remain—and as my guest meet me at table.  
Thou shalt have justice—'tis my kingly word!

#### SCENE V.

(Enter a Macedonian Captain, with Prisoners.)

CAPTAIN. O King! I bring thee news from Alexander.  
The youthful hero, flushed with victory,  
Encounters neither hindrance nor resistance.  
Like unto Fate, he is invincible!

Ay, he Amphissa's army has completely  
Routed and slain, and captured the city—  
He sends with me the booty he has taken;  
And here, these prisoners: announce their fate!

PHILIP. Not I, but the avenging gods through me,  
Shall doom the vile profaners of the temple.  
Now, as the sword has spared them, they may live—  
But be for life consigned to slavery!  
Take them away!

A PRISONER. Yet, King, thou should'st spare me,  
I am thy friend.

PHILIP. Amongst my many friends  
I did not know that thou could'st reckoned be.

PRISONER. I scrutinize thee with a painter's eye—  
Believe me, King, like as I now behold thee,  
Would'st thou not be fit subject for an artist.

PHILIP. My friend, as thou did'st give me good advice,  
I in return now grant thee liberty.

(*Exit prisoner.*)

DEMADES. How great thou art, how genial in all!

PHILIP. I know not, friend, yet this I know,—I'm  
King,

DEMADES. How from thy lips flow mercy's honeyed  
words,

The fire of genius and the salt of wit.

PHILIP. Thou art from Attica and know'st her worth—  
I leave for thee to justly estimate her.  
But thou know'st also gold's intrinsic value?

DEMADES. Ay, ay; base metal never could deceive me.

PHILIP. (*hands to DEMADES a ring*). My worthy  
Demaides, take thou this ring:  
And tell me from to-day a hundred years  
Its real value. Keep it until then.

(*Shouts behind the scene, and voices calling "Hail to the  
hero!" "Long live Alexander!"*)

#### SCENE VI.

(Enter ALEXANDER and warriors.)

PHILIP. A young and untried warrior thou didst leave  
me.

'Tis well, my son; a giant's stride thou'st taken  
Upon the path of heroes!

ALEXANDER. If a hero  
I have become, 'tis due to thy tuition  
And the great excellences of our sires!  
Though 'tis to me a glad surprise, O father,  
To meet thee here, yet I anticipated  
Thou wouldst have moved on Thebes to victory.  
Forgive thy son his eagerness for war,  
While yet he bows to thy profounder wisdom.

PHILIP. Believe, my son, that I am not less eager  
For victory—but here, perhaps, I gain  
A triumph greater than if won by sword,  
Of which the honor will be wholly mine!

(*pointing toward the background*)

See! yonder comes the foe I wish to conquer.

ALEXANDER. I see but two unarmed men approaching  
With Archias.

PHILIP. And yet in one of them  
Doth center the united strength of Greece!

#### SCENE VII.

(Enter DEMOSTHENES, HYPERIDES and ARCHIAS.)

PHILIP. Be greeted! Ah, well pleased am I to meet

The favorite of genius, and withal  
The founder of a mighty commonwealth!

DEMOSTHENES. Am I with Philip?

ALEXANDER. Ay, 'tis granted thee  
To bow before the Macedonian King.

DEMOSTHENES. Young man, hast thou been taught by  
Aristotle

That when the father is interrogated  
His son should answer?

ALEXANDER. If thou'ldst value life,  
'Twere well for thee to know to whom thou speak'st!

DEMOSTHENES. Thou art an offspring of a King—so  
be it;

And I am an Athenian citizen.

Thou wilt be taught once how to rule a land;

I am taught more: to rule myself!

My friend! (hence teach thyself right value, man)

Who has informed thee that the name of Philip

Is not sufficient honor for thy father?

The land he governs, which thou shalt inherit,

Had many Kings, albeit but *one* Philip.

PHILIP. Be thanked; thou hast me rightly compre-  
hended!

My son, thou shouldst make friendship with this man;

Hear him, but seek not to compare with him

In depth of thought or scope of argument.

'Twill prove disastrous—do not venture it!

DEMOSTHENES. Let us forget this difference—and now  
Devote our time to more important subjects,  
Upon which *we* were to deliberate.

PHILIP. Important subject! ay, for in thy presence

Can only these be topics of discussion.

Thine earnestness of manner indicates

What kind of man thou art.

DEMOSTHENES. When Archias brought thy message,  
Soliciting from us this interview,  
He said thou wouldst consult me as to Hellas.

PHILIP. Ay, and this Hellas, where *is* she then found,  
If not in those who constitute her greatness?

The body makes not man—nay, but the soul!

Behold this senseless multitude, oft driven

By brutish instinct to all ill extremes;

Devoid of reason, yet with all things meddling;

Serfs by submission; oft themselves oppressors—

Do they form Greece? Nay; in a chosen few

Exalted spirits and great intellects,

By whom this crowd is guided and upheld,

Its purpose molded, its decisions prompted,

She's found—ay, and thus recognized in *us*!

Yet in thy condescending to my level

Thyself mayst suffer: for Demosthenes,

Who here is standing by the side of Philip,

Is Hellas, the component part of Greece.

By whatsoever we decree she's bound;

And by our counsels and deliberations

Fixed or suspended is her destiny.

We are the suns upon her firmament!

And the slow masses, fettered to their wants,

Whose vague obscurity we luminate,

Depend on us, and follow in our train!

DEMOSTHENES. I know right well, King Philip, thy high  
standing

Among thy people and thy party, yet

In placing *mine* thus below me thou makest

Of them a servile nation, *not* a free,

And thus the artist in his sketch oft fails

When he before him ne'er has had his subject.

PHILIP. Nation and freedom! This is to compare  
Submission to command, weakness to power,  
And sluggishness of thought to strength of knowledge—  
Thou'rt fond of offering hypotheses!

DEMOSTHENES. Thou art a King; thy mind is bent on  
power—

How, then, can freedom I to thee explain?

Yet thou didst know once our Epaminondas,

And wouldst thyself be reckoned as his friend;

He was a *free* man, a republican!

Rich in the honor of his poverty;

Fit to command, for self he'd learned obedience.

Strong: for he knew whene'er he'd found his master

In law, of which he was a great expounder;

Not weak, but humble in pursuit of fame;

Not proud, nay, even of his many virtues;

Great: for he burned of no desire for greatness;

A hero: for himself he'd conquered first.

PHILIP. Though I, like thee, cannot portray this hero,

Whose image now I fully recognize,

Yet he, whom still methinks I see and hear—

Though he has passed beyond the sphere of mortals—

Can *he* be found in each Athenian?

DEMOSTHENES. Nay, only few like him the gods per-  
mitted

Here upon earth to attain to their perfection;

Yet all Athenians know well his worth,

The import of his many attributes,

Which best are estimated by the free,

Whose soil alone rears an Epaminondas!

*Conceive a commonwealth composed of Kings!*

Where all the marks and differences from

The common citizen: the crown, the sceptre,

The word of stern command, are set at naught,

And neither can wake fear nor urge respect.

But it is noble there to win esteem;

Ay, and 'tis great there to be hailed as great,

For to the diadem no prize is given—

'Tis given to the power of heart and mind!

'Tis not of gold, but represented by

A crown of laurel; yet thou wilt perceive

Its high import when thus received from equals,

And even thou, perhaps, couldst value it!

PHILIP. I can perceive the aim of thy discourse,

And if I were to choose 'twixt being judged

By equals and be eulogized by servants,

I in my choice not long would hesitate.

DEMOSTHENES. But, King, thy proposition—now what  
is it?

PHILIP. Thou'st mentioned Kings—well, the republican  
Looks upon them with pity and contempt—

Before thee stands one of this hated race,

Who oft has waked thine anger and displeasure,

Yet whom thou hast portrayed more severely

Than true—I know dark shades the picture needs

To make its subject more conspicuous,

Though I deserved to be better known by thee

Ere though dost judge me. Look at me and answer!

Am I the brute that's being represented—

The vile, oppressive tyrant, but inclined  
To hostile actions, and to heinous deeds?  
Or am I not a man, even as such  
Fit to become a citizen of Athens?

DEMOSTHENES. Thou wouldst have been if there thou'st  
seen the light,

As law and freedom then thou wouldst have loved,  
And by their comprehension gathered honors.  
Thou wouldst been seen ascending the tribunal  
To advocate the principles of freedom.

Ay, moreover, upon the battlefield,  
Wouldst thou have fought against her enemies—  
But ah! man did not self create his lot—

*Mine* was to be a freeman's—*thine* a King's!

PHILIP. Well—let us not in contest be with nature,  
But each of us pursue our chosen paths,  
Which, though dissimilar, might still unite!

DEMOSTHENES. Does Philip then forget *he* for a throne  
Was born? For this there is no room in Athens.

PHILIP. Yet I am told that ye have one of stone,  
Wrought from the rock, though only for the moment  
Being possessed.

DEMOSTHENES. Still it is worth possessing!

PHILIP. Even, if from its eminence, one's hurled,  
And sent in banishment?

DEMOSTHENES. Ay, even then!

PHILIP. Without a friend to share the ban of flight,  
And without comfort for the troubled heart?

DEMOSTHENES. One comforter attendeth: one's opinion;  
And two unerring friends: *yon*, Heaven; and *here*,  
The verdict of the conscience: *I am right*.

PHILIP. I must admire thee!

DEMOSTHENES. Nay, thou shouldst not.  
Give honor unto Athens; learn to know her;  
Come thither, go with me!

PHILIP. Well; but mine army  
Doth follow me.

DEMOSTHENES. Thou needst but countermand it.

PHILIP. I cannot.

DEMOSTHENES. Ay, thou canst if thou so wilt.

PHILIP. Fate wills it not.

DEMOSTHENES. Thou canst compel it!

PHILIP. This is beyond the power of mortal man.

DEMOSTHENES. Fate dwells in thine own bosom, King;  
subdue it.

'Tis noble, and 'tis great to wage the combat.

PHILIP. And the subdued?

DEMOSTHENES. Is equally as great;  
But why waste here our time with idle words?

Farewell!

PHILIP. Thou dost refuse, then, to accept  
The friendship I have offered thy land?

DEMOSTHENES. Friendship's sweet voice is hushed  
where speak but swords.

PHILIP. Yet thou canst stay them; it is worth thine  
effort.

DEMOSTHENES. Thou wilt but rule; Athens cannot  
obey;

And ere betwixt you friendship can exist  
Your minds must undergo a wondrous change.  
As this lies only in the hands of gods,  
Let us for arbitrators choose our arms,  
And then abide by the results of fortune!

PHILIP. When grant'st thou me another interview?

DEMOSTHENES. When, vanquished, thou receivest  
from our hands

A proffered peace, then may I hope to see thee.

PHILIP. If I be victor—when?

DEMOSTHENES. When reconciled

We once shall meet beyond the Stygian shore.

(Exit with HYPERIDES.)

#### SCENE VIII.

ALEXANDER. Thou let'st him go?

PHILIP. What else, then, could I do?  
Thou didst hear that he would not longer stay.

ALEXANDER. Methinks that he too long already  
stayed,

But thou hast patience with his arrogance.

Thou givest honor to a democrat

By lowering thyself unto his sphere,

And lettest him believe *he* is the state—

Yea, even more, that he is thine own equal!

PHILIP. And who, my son, has told thee he is not?

ALEXANDER. Thyself, a King, invested with the scepter,

To whom a nation owes obedience,

Shouldst raise to equal honor with thyself

A hero by his tongue? who, but by chance,

Is placed in power by a lawless mob?

And, though to-day their god, fain would to-morrow

Exchange his lot with one of thine own slaves!

PHILIP. And thus exchanging it with the oppressed,

And *not* with the oppressor, makes him great!

How low yet man may fall, his fame still lives;

And surely *he* is equal to his fame.

Of royalty, from which I soon must part,

What shall remain when mingled with the dust?

And who can tell, in the unknown beyond,

Whose name shall shine the brighter, mine or his?

My meditation upon this doth shape

Mine actions. Here but a few years I live.

Ah! centuries hence fain would I yonder dwell!

ALEXANDER. Thou shalt undoubtedly; yet, King and  
father,

Here leads thy path unto the height of fame:

'Tis victory. Behold! across yon field

This mighty host of warriors, amassed

Into a phalanx, formed by shield and spear;

They break thy way—thou needst but give command!

PHILIP. Yet heavy is an army's tread, if not

Before its front goes the devising thought.

ALEXANDER. So shall it here, for thou rul'st o'er the  
swords.

Haste thine advance! mow down what's in thy way!

For thee is Hellas but a battlefield,

And who *there* wins is master of the world!

PHILIP. Thine eagle eye doth penetrate my plans!

Who's told thee what with Persia I've intended?

ALEXANDER. It was thy thought, dear father; not  
mine own.

PHILIP. Perhaps thou shalt avenger be of Greece.

The ancient Eastern throne is tottering,

And though she boasts of wealth and vast domains,

Yet is her people but a slavish horde

And she an easy prey for the invader.



The elder eagle long this contemplated,  
In view of which he's well prepared the way.  
The eaglet from his nest already spies  
The boundaries of earth, with aim of conquest.  
'Tis from the golden East the sun ascends!  
Thither, thou lusty eaglet, steer thy flight!

(End of Act III.)

[To be continued in April number.]

#### PRESENTIMENT.

"Ho! Minstrel, sound a livelier strain!  
Now is the time for mirth and gladness!  
Just then your war-song's bold refrain  
Re echoed dirge-like grief and sadness!"

"I cannot wake the notes of mirth,  
For now I have foreboding vision:  
See! grinning specters, round our hearth,  
Point at us all in gay derision.

"Within the ruins of our hall  
The foxes shall, next year, be brooding;  
Here wail the bitter'n's mournful call;  
No glee on silence e'er intruding.

"Forgive my harp, that can but choose  
To moan and wail in quivering sorrow;  
I hear night-winds sigh thro' the yews  
Above my lady's grave so narrow!"

True, ere another evening came,  
Only a few charred timbers, smoking,  
Told that the hall had felt war's flame;—  
O'erhead there flapped a raven, croaking.

T. G. LA MOILLE.

#### KALLE UTTER.

Kalle Utter, son of a cooper in Stockholm, was not a schoolmate of mine. He was taught by the court chaplain, Rhoden, an honorable man, whose favorite studies were the Hebrew Bible and "The Visions of Swedenborg." The boys who went to his school were tolerably well acquainted with the subjects there taught, but were perfect strangers to everything else, even to the catechism, which, in whatsoever language it is written, always will be Hebrew to children. Young Utter, a special favorite of Rhoden's, took charge in a fashion of the teacher's domestic economy. He carried water, bought milk for the breakfast, stored away the wood in the fall and cut and split it during the winter months. This was all play to him, and at fifteen he was stronger and larger than some people at twenty-five.

I made his acquaintance in this way: He hated the other schools and was always after the pupils. Perhaps he, like the children of Israel, supposed himself called upon to exterminate all

who did not understand the Hebrew tongue. It was said of him that he alone would drive a whole school before him. At last this war of extermination reached the Clara school. I was then the strongest and reputed the bravest boy in the school, and thought it my duty to defy this new Judas Maccabæus. I met him at the laundry near the hill north of St. Clara's church, but was overcome in spite of the most stubborn resistance, and should certainly have been utterly routed if the washerwoman from whom I used daily to buy molasses candy had not interfered and made peace between us.

From that hour we were acquainted, though not so very intimately until after the blue marks on my legs and arms had disappeared.

After a time Utter entered the University with some difficulty, for though he knew some Hebrew he did not know Greek and Latin enough to be a divinity student, so he resolved to take a special course; but, his studies in Swedenborg not having the least connection with the ordinary text-books, he also gave up this, and threw himself entirely upon another side of a student's life, contenting himself with fighting peasants, disturbing the tradespeople by knocking at their doors at night, and singing second bass in the students' glee club.

He had passed two years at the University when he received strict orders from his father to try to pass the lower examination of the faculty, "in order to get," as the cooper said in the letter to the son, "at least the title of 'Candidatus Theologiæ.'" Kalle Utter entered for the examination and was examined in church history first.

"Do you know anything about Huss?" asked the professor, having waited in vain for an answer to a question regarding the church councils.

"The Huss from Eastgothland?" replied Kalle Utter. "No; I don't."

"No, no," burst forth the professor, knitting his brows.

"Not him? Oh, I see, you mean the Huss from Westgothland," Kalle said, hastily correcting himself. "He is a friend and brother of mine."

"No, no," moaned the professor. "Oh, no."

"Are you thinking of Huss from Northland, then, who stood number one at the last medical examination?" Kalle asked quickly.

"Gracious, no! The Huss I am speaking of was burned."

"Was he burned?" cried Kalle. "You don't say so! But what had he done?"

Kalle Utter was rejected. When he went home he barely escaped a thrashing from his father, the cooper, who, the day before, had arrived at Upsala to give his son and the other students a supper at Shylander's in honor of the examination. They had the supper, all the same, and the good cooper had the satisfaction of calling a lot of theologians "brothers," though fate denied him being the father of one. Furthermore he had the comfort of seeing his son in the role of master in a number of social branches, such as ventriloquism and whistling, and, as grand master, receiving people into a somewhat rough students' order, of which the father was created a member. Early in the morning the cooper was brought home with song and "in high spirits" (pretty drunk, as we would say); and finally he was honored with a charivari. He wept, slept, woke up with a distressing headache, and went back to Stockholm pretty well satisfied with his journey. Kalle Utter stayed on to perfect himself in his studies, and perhaps take up some new ones. He did not succeed in the latter, though he was supposed to have some brains. People liked him, however, for his open, true manners, and all admired his superior bodily strength. Young people always do. He was ready at any time for a supper, for a fight, for anything except examinations, for which he had an almost mortal dread.

Most of the time he wore a steel lyre on his student's cap, and a lyre worked in silk on his collar, not so much from personal vanity as to please his father, the cooper. He often had to wear his sword and to parade in full uniform when the old man had company or the family went out for a walk. To amuse his father and the guests, all of whom were good coopers and artisans, he used to balance his sword on his fingers or on the tip of his nose, crowing like a rooster or grunting like a pig. For a change, and in order to show off his learning, he would sometimes repeat the Hebrew alphabet, or ventriloquize as from an empty chest to the great amusement of the cooper and his guests. In spite of all these qualifications Kalle Utter might no doubt have stayed on in Upsala forever if one thing had not happened that changed his whole future. An old student named Eckstrom, who was tutor in a baron's family in the country and wished to finish up his studies, wanted to go for a whole summer to the University and take the degree of Master of Arts. He therefore sought somebody to teach his pupil, a young baron

twelve years of age, and did not happen to find anybody willing to take the position just then but Kalle Utter, who probably supposed it to be easier to teach others than to learn himself. Another inducement was that he had heard the baronial estate praised for its excellent fishing and shooting, qualities he thoroughly knew how to appreciate. He entered upon the engagement and arrived late on a summer night at the baron's estate, which was situated among beautiful surroundings in Eastgothland. Jolting on a farmer's wagon, he drove up to the stately portico of an almost castle-like mansion. Jumping out and turning to a footman in livery who came out, he said: "I am the new tutor, Kalle Utter. Announce me to the baron."

"His grace is away at a soupé in the neighborhood," returned the footman.

"Very well; show me my room, then, and take my things up to it," ordered the new tutor. The footman, a tall fellow with luxuriant whiskers and a mustache, to whom this way of being addressed was quite a new thing, and who, moreover, was no admirer of university culture, put his hands in his pockets and surveyed the newcomer leisurely.

"The tutor's room is over there," said he, rather scornfully, indicating one of the wings with a glance. "But in regard to that carpet-bag, Mr. Utter seems to be able to carry it in."

"What! What did you say, rascal?" shouted Kalle Utter, approaching the footman.

"Rascal!" the latter repeated. "Rascal yourself."

The footman had hardly finished before a blow sent him down the steps in front of the horses, while a second took him from the horses to the wagon, and before he recovered from this uncomfortable but quick manner of transportation he felt a heavy carpet-bag, a hat-box, a gun-case, and a bundle of spoonbaits on his back, and was forced to limp on to the wing by a foot whose use he did not see, but whose strength he felt. Entering the tutor's room on the first floor the footman, foaming with rage, threw the whole burden down on the floor. Consequently he found himself in a flash thrown out in the garden, where he fell headlong into a flowerbed. This passed so quickly that the footman, reposing on his pillow of mignonette and daisies, for a moment thought it only to be a bad dream, until a smarting heat in both his ears and a few drops of blood from his sore nose told him that if the extra master he had got was a ruffian the treatment was just like him.

When the new tutor thus had taken up his situation in the baronial house he locked the door, went to bed and slept soundly, exhausted by the long journey, and from the three suppers he had taken in the three last inns. When he woke up at eight o'clock, the time he generally arose, he looked for a water-pitcher; not finding any he jumped out of bed, opened the window and thundered out: "Water! there is no water."

Unfortunately the young baroness, fifteen years old, and her governess or companion, five years older, had sat down on a bank in front of the well-kept lawn, enjoying the beautiful morning and caressing a pretty little dog resting at their feet. The young ladies started at this roaring call for water, and both turned their eyes toward where the sound came from. Fancy their terror when they perceived a man, half naked, large, with arms like Esau, bending forward through the open window. The first moment they seemed paralyzed by the sight. "Bring me some water, right away!" continued the form at the window, not quite awake, and therefore, maybe, mistaking the young ladies for servants of the house. "Bring a pailful, I am thirsty as the old boy in person." At this the young ladies fled with a shrill scream into the shade of the garden, and the dog followed, barking violently, as in duty bound, at the new tutor.

"And tell them, please, that I want a broiled herring for breakfast," the tutor called out.

"What an ugly fellow," said the governess, glancing over her shoulder as she fled, to call the imprudent dog, probably.

"Dreadfully so!" exclaimed the young baroness, "and he wanted a herring."

The governess was right. Kalle, though tall and strong as Hercules, had no Adonis face. His eyes, though bright, were too small; his mouth, though full of white teeth, was too large; moreover his nose, that perhaps had originally been shapely, had in his childhood been strongly marked by smallpox, and presented a rather rough surface, not unlike the teeth of a coarse saw.

Swearing at the impolite servants, Kalle Utter shut the window, took another nap, arose, dressed and left the room to introduce himself to the family and to get acquainted with his future pupil.

The new tutor entered the parlor, in the second story of the mansion, just as the baronial family was sitting down to breakfast. There were the baron, the baroness, the young baroness with her companion, and a twelve-year-old boy, the young

baron. These people were all perfect strangers to him. The footman only seemed to present a familiar face, though just now it was disfigured by red, swollen eyes and a large, black patch across the nose.

"I am Kalle Utter, the new tutor," he said, introducing himself. "Eckstrom sends his compliments. He has taken some of his examinations, and succeeded in getting a laudatur in physics the day before I left." He went up to the baron and put out his hand to him in a friendly way. The baron, evidently somewhat on his guard, as the rest of the company, stretched forth one finger with a gracious self-possession. Kalle Utter, who perhaps supposed this to be an invitation to a trial of strength, put one of his fingers around the baron's and squeezed it.

"Oh!" cried the baron, snatching back his hand, and shaking his finger in the air, alternately blowing on it and swearing.

"I beg your pardon," said Kalle Utter, and as he saw the family sit down at the table he quietly seated himself, too. He missed a whisky bottle, and looked in vain for the herring, but made up for it by appropriating a platter of smoked beef tongue, after which he had two large cups of coffee.

"I see the baron does not take whisky," he began, starting the conversation; "it is, of course, not necessary in the morning. You have excellent shooting here, and if you have not any hunting dogs I expect a pair of hounds from Stockholm, trained for hares—the only trouble is they are apt to bite sheep. Last night I perceived a fishing-ground in the lake; there must be plenty of perch there, but I suppose it is hard to get bait just now in this drought. You dear Mr. Patch-nose," added he, addressing the footman, "you must look out to-night for some angle-worms when the dew is falling. I offer a shilling a hundred, and I promise the baron perch for breakfast, dinner and supper."

The baronial family glanced silently at each other, and the footman made a furious face at the tutor. "You have a beautiful piano there, I see," said the tutor, looking at the instrument. "The baroness plays, I suppose? Do you know the lye-waltz?"

"What waltz is that?" asked the governess.

"It is a waltz composed by an Upsala student, dedicated to a washerwoman of the University. It is, in fact, an excellent tone-picture. We hear the hissing of the water in the boiler, the blows of the batlet and the rolling of the mangel. It goes



somewhat after this fashion," added Kalle Utter, placing himself at the piano; but, as he struck a chord two strings in the treble snapped.

"Can I see you a moment, Mr. Utter?" at last said the baron, interrupting this dangerous performance. "Follow me to my study, please."

"I have learned there was some trouble last night when you arrived," began the baron, when they had entered the so-called study.

"Trouble?" repeated Kalle Utter. "Never mind; a trifle only. I did not pay the least attention to it."

"Mr. Utter has even undertaken to strike my footman," continued the baron.

"Fiddlesticks!" answered Kalle Utter. "He was impertinent. I only boxed his ears."

"I heard so; but I must let you know that I punish my servants myself when I think it is necessary, and you must in the future avoid giving offense in that way."

"Give offense?" repeated Kalle Utter, with a good-natured smile; "that is out of the question between us."

"And, furthermore, I shall have to ask Mr. Utter to keep the shades down in the morning, to avoid a repetition of the occurrence this morning."

"What occurrence this morning?"

"My daughter and her governess had to leave the garden because Mr. Utter pleased to show himself in an improper toilet."

"The dickens! Was it the young baroness and the governess?" interrupted Kalle. "I took them for two maid servants."

The baron glanced at the tutor sharply to find out whether he spoke ironically or in pure simplicity. At last he dismissed him, and the tutor left the room.

Half an hour later the baron, going out to overlook his laborers, passed the wing in which the tutor's room was. He stopped a minute near the open window, wondering at some words he did not understand, which he heard the new tutor recite in a loud voice and the pupil repeat in a piteous tone. The words were: alef, beth, gimel, daleth, he, vau, zain, cheth.

"What is this gibberish?" asked the baron.

"It is the Hebrew alphabet," explained the new tutor.

"But gracious! does Mr. Utter intend to cram my boy with Hebrew? Has Mr. Utter run mad?"

"But, sir," answered Kalle Utter, "the Hebrew is an excellent tongue. I myself have —"

"It is a mere farce," said the baron. "I insist earnestly that Mr. Utter shall stop this—this — My son does not intend to be either a preacher or a Jew," added he, and continued his way.

Kalle Utter, vexed not to be permitted to teach his main study, happened to throw a glance at a mirror on the wall, and saw his pupil throw down the Hebrew grammar exultingly and then put his thumb to his nose at his tutor.

"Do you put your thumb to your nose in my presence, scoundrel?" roared the tutor, turning. "I shall soon teach you better manners." He seized his pupil, put him across his left knee, and gave the young baron powerful slaps with the flat hand where mother and teacher often work hand in hand to form a better man and a good citizen.

The young baron, who had never before been the subject of this coöperation, roared lustily.

"If you do not stop howling I'll go on," said the tutor, by way of quieting his pupil. "Let me hear what you know of the history of Sweden. Who was the first king of Sweden?"

"Odin," sobbed the little fellow.

"All right! What did the two kings, Atrik and Erik, do?"

"Killed each other with the bit of a bride."

"Very well! What did King Fjolner do?"

"He drowned himself in a hog'shead of mead."

"Very well! What happened to St. Erik?"

"He was beheaded."

"Well! Very well, indeed. That's all right. Now, at what time do you have dinner here?"

"At four o'clock," answered the young baron, somewhat comforted by this unexpected turn in the examination.

"Well, then, we shall have time to catch some pickerel or a dozen perch," remarked the tutor. "Let us try that shallow."

Utter thrust a few spoon-baits in his pocket, took his pupil's hand, and went out with him. Soon they were both on the lake, with the necessary fishing-tackle. The new tutor had good luck in his sport. When he had pulled out several large pickerel he stopped at the fishing-ground and put his fishing-tackle in order.

"Put on the bait," he ordered his pupil, throwing the lines and the hooks over to him.

"Shall I put on the angle-worms?" asked the young baron, with a piteous look.

"Of course, you little scamp! Don't you put on bait yourself when you are fishing?"

"No, sir; the fisherman always does it, and sometimes the footman."

"Are you not ashamed of yourself to give your elders trouble? Put on the worms or I'll put you on the hook in their place."

The young baron had to do it with a lump in his throat. As the perch bit the work got to be rather arduous. It was hard to tell who suffered the most, the young baron or the worms. A few hours later the tutor entered the premises with his pupil, the former humming a student's song, the latter pouting. The young baron carried in each hand a large willow wand full of fine perch, while two pickerel, strapped together by their gaps, whipped the future master's front and back.

"Carry the perch to the kitchen," ordered the tutor. "Ask your mamma to put them over without too much water; no dipping is needed, only drawn butter with parsley. Take the pickerel to the ice-house; then they will keep for dinner tomorrow. Good-by, you tramp! This afternoon we will take up the catechism."

The tutor went into his room and did not behold the wonder and amazement of her ladyship when she, hurrying down-stairs to meet her son, saw what a piteous appearance he made in spite of his wonderful luck.

Kalle Utter had his nap before dinner, a habit acquired at the academy. At four o'clock he rose and went to the dining-room to get his dinner.

The frigidity of the baronial family in the morning was nothing to that at dinner-time. No one returned the tutor's salutations. They simply did not see him. But he had, as we know, improved his capability largely since breakfast. Their behavior entirely failed to impress Utter, who was looking in vain for the whisky-bottle, and who, in the place of perch, noticed meat-balls and beans on the table, a dish he had had time to get thoroughly surfeited with long ago at Mother Jokolm's house in Upsala.

He sat down quite disgusted, following the example, not the invitation, of the family. Still it was he who again started the conversation. "Have you some pleasant neighbors in this place, sir?"

"Count X lives at Baggerta, the nearest country seat."

"How is that family?"

"Oh," replied the host, "I think it will be out of the question for Mr. Utter to have any intercourse with them."

"You don't think the family quite the thing?" interpreted Utter; "but one must not be so very particular in a country place."

This was followed by a deep silence. "How

slow those people are," thought the tutor, trying to find some way to entertain the company. One of his ways—and a very successful one, too, both in his father's house and in the students' clubs—was to manufacture small bread balls and throw them at his neighbors or at his *vis à vis*; and so he, a master in this trick, resolved to try this stimulant on the present company.

The governess was just taking a bite of a meat-ball she had on her fork when such a little ball struck her nose. She cried out and dropped the fork. That very moment another one flew into the young baroness' mouth, passing on its way a brown bean bound for the same place; she, too, cried out and dropped the bean. And now the balls began to whistle, to the right, to the left, everywhere—nobody being able to find out from where.

"Why, what is this?" "From whence do these come?" cried the host and the hostess, holding up their hands to keep them off.

"There! there! It is he, the tutor," explained the footman, who had not lost sight of his foe.

"What a wag that man is!" said Utter, coolly, looking at the footman. "Did I not now, with my own eyes, see how you were showering them at me and at the company all the time? This very ball I have in my hand was thrown by you on my plate just now. Look here—I return it with interest," he added, and threw a large ball right in the mouth of the footman, who was opening his jaws and eyes wide at this barefaced accusation.

"What means this?" cried the baron, starting up, his cheeks of an ashy paleness from rage.

"Be quiet, my friend, I pray you; wait till we have finished," whispered the baroness, making him sit down again, and again there was perfect silence for a long time.

"What manner of people are these?" thought Utter. "I do not understand them. Nothing seems to amuse them. 'I wonder if I might not ventriloquize a little—I should like to try.'"

The footman was just presenting the dishes for the second course when a voice, hollow as if reverberating from a cavity, was heard to say:

"When is the perch forthcoming that was caught this morning?"

The company started up, looked under the table, and as they did not discover anything there they stared, mute with surprise, now at each other, now at the tutor, who sat imperturbably, with firmly closed mouth, looking as if he had not heard anything. A few seconds later the same

hollow voice resounded, but this time from the ceiling.

"The perch does not come, for there is no whisky to go with it, neither is there any drawn bu-u-tter!"

"Now this is too much," cried the baron, leaving the table. Remembering having heard about the great ventriloquist Anderson, he soon understood the origin of the noise. All except the tutor followed the baron's example.

"Why are you in such a hurry?" asked Utter. "Shall we not finish this apple-sauce?"

"I do not know what name to give your behavior in my house," began the baron, very much excited; "but I know I shall never forgive Mr. Ekstrom, who has sent me such a tutor for my son. And, next, Mr. Utter, I must tell you that I ordered a horse and carriage for you at the inn this forenoon. You must leave before seven o'clock to-night."

"Leave? Of course," returned Utter, coolly; "of course. Did you not think I meant to? I am perfectly disgusted with stupid boys, temperance people and meat-balls with beans. But I am not going to leave in that carriage, sir!"

"Sir?"

"No, sir!"

"I don't see what should hinder me in throwing you down stairs immediately," cried the baron, beside himself.

"You do not know—but I know," returned Utter, who now rose from the table. "I see I shall have to finish up this affair. I accept your challenge with the greatest pleasure. Call your servants—the more the better. I never yet tried my hand at people from Eastgothland, and do not know how much they can stand in the line of blows, but I suppose a good deal. Oh! that kind of exercise will do me good after such a miserable dinner." With this Utter rubbed his hands, his eyes sparkled from pleasure, his immense form seemed doubly tall in the eyes of the frightened family. "The ladies need not be afraid," Utter said, in a conciliatory tone. "It is not my fault if the harmony is disturbed. I have tried to do my duty to my pupil as a tutor, and amuse my hosts as a guest, though I might just as well have left you alone. As I have told you, sir, I will leave at seven, with or without a fight, just as you please, and depart—mind—in the best carriage with the best horses, the only ones that amount to anything and are *comme il faut*." Here, taking leave in this way, the tutor returned to his room. An hour before the time the best carriage was at the

door. The baron would have ordered four horses had it been necessary to get rid of so very rough a tutor. Reclining comfortably, with his feet on the front seat, Kalle Utter arrived at the inn in the very best style.

Then he had time to ponder over his position in this world. It seemed rather unpleasant for him to go back to Upsala and meet his friend, Ekstrom, and not so very pleasant to go to Stockholm to his father, the cooper, who had been tickled by his son's position in so very noble a family. He made up his mind to go to Småland. There he met an old schoolmate, was introduced by him to the superintendent of some ironworks who wanted a so-called "Gaa paaer" (Spitfire) to manage the headstrong ironworkers. Kalle Utter accepted readily this position, and belabored the smiths quite as strongly as they did the iron. He married, after a few years, the daughter of the superintendent, and became the successor of his father-in-law. His wife, a capable and amiable woman, succeeded by and by in sobering down the wild student pride. Once only he had a relapse, and that on account of that Hebrew tongue, which always would get him into trouble. The pastor's assistant, who, in preparing for the second part of his examination had to study up his Hebrew, addressed himself to his friend, Kalle Utter, to get some lessons in the psalter. Utter, proud to be the only superintendent of ironworks who knew the Hebrew tongue, was glad to do it. But once, when the pupil's ignorance was too great, and the teacher's patience too small, Utter, in his blind zeal, happened to forget his pupil's position and age, and resorted to his old way of punishment, and even had to go to the court for it.

It is said that from that time he grew perfectly steady, and now only shows his immense strength by lifting the largest hammer in the works when people are visiting them, and if the traveler, at the superintendent's invitation, sits down on the hammer while he is doing it, he is extremely well pleased.

A—A.

SIGURD IBSEN, a son of the Norwegian poet, has been appointed, with special stipend, an attache of the Swedish-Norwegian legation at Washington.

JOHAN SVENDSEN, the Norwegian composer and kapelmeister of the Royal Opera in Copenhagen, has been decorated by the King of Denmark with the cross of the Order of Daneborg.